Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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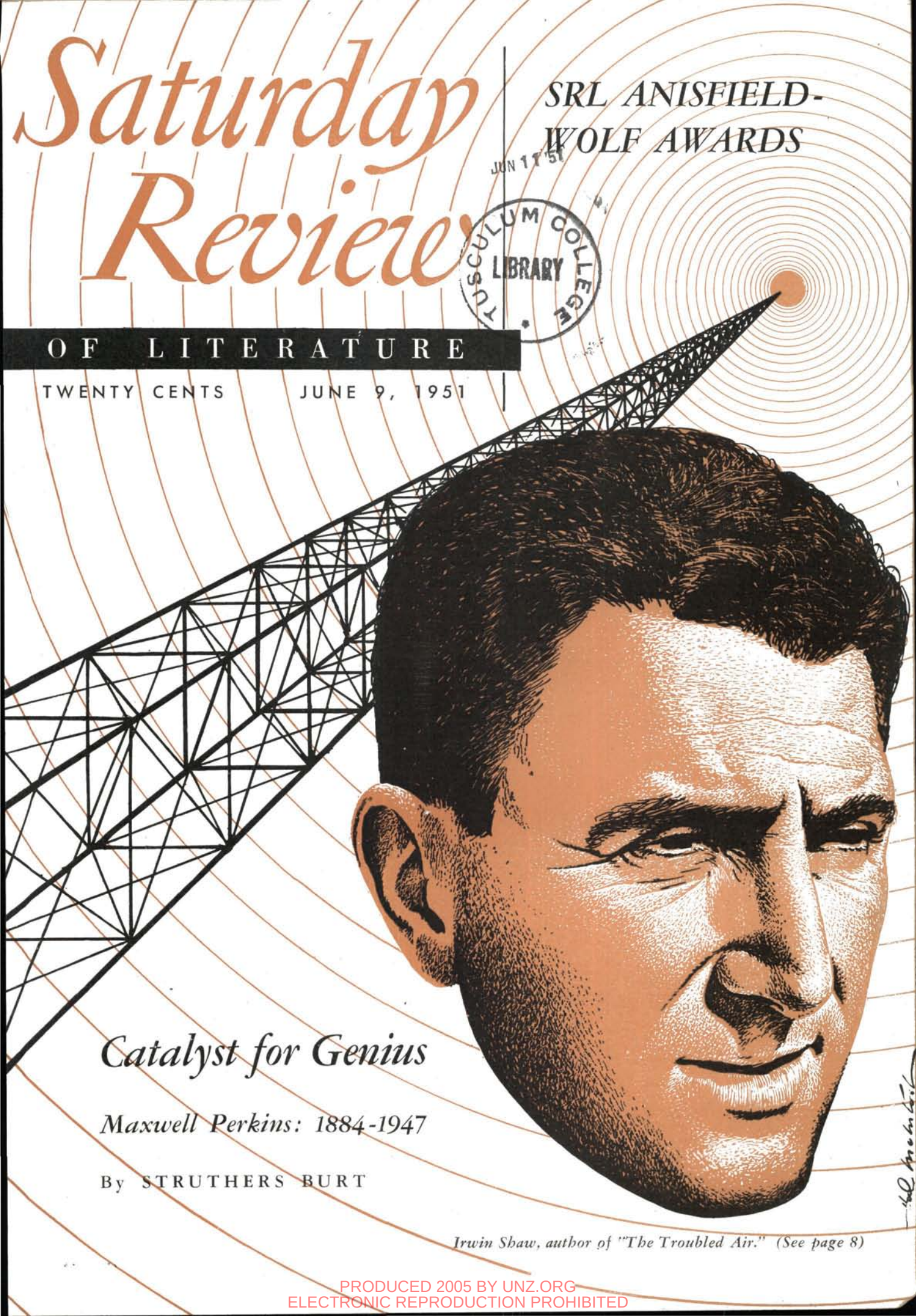

Catalyst for Genius

Maxwell Perkins: 1884-1947

By STRUTHERS BURT

Irwin Shaw, author of "The Troubled Air." *(See page 8)*

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June 9, 1951

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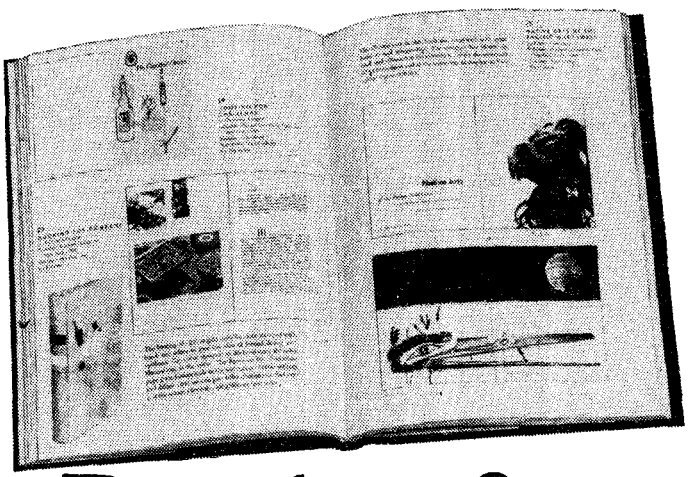

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– 1951 –

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TRADE Winds

WARNING TO AUTHORS: never try sarcasm on your dear, deserving wives. Listen to what happened to one novelist who signed for a six-week stretch in Hollywood and was persuaded to let his bride go with him. "Will I need my driver's license out there?" she asked at the end of a long string of similarly brilliant queries. "Of course not," he answered wearily. "They don't have drivers' licenses in California." Result: three weeks later she was caught in a traffic violation on Wilshire Boulevard and when the officer demanded her license she assured him brightly, "I haven't got any. My husband told me I don't need one."

Jacket research: The book editor of the *Oregon Journal* received a review copy of Rosamond Marshall's "Laird's Choice" (Prentice-Hall), removed the jacket, and then sought to persuade somebody to review it. Several pros-

pects flipped idly through the pages and murmured, "I don't think I'm right for this kind of book." The editor then replaced the sexy jacket and went to lunch. When he got back five people were fighting for the privilege of reviewing "Laird's Choice." All of which proves that those lads who order daring jackets for paper-backs know their onions—or casaba melons, as the case may be.

A DISTINGUISHED COMMUTER from Saratoga, who reluctantly signs checks "Frank Sullivan," has dug into his box of Faulkner reminiscences for Charlie Hughes's high-toned *Detroit Athletic Club News*. Says Mr. S. in part:

> Two middle-aged writers were interested in and pleased by an item of literary news recently. To tell the story let us go back to the early Thirties, when the two lads, both at the time banging away like all get-out at *belles-lettres*, shared an apartment in the Beekman Place section of New York.
>
> One of the roommates was, and is, Corey Ford. The other, a rather handsome chap some years Ford's senior, was known slanderously as the Ugly Roomer, an inaccurate epithet bestowed in the thoughtlessness of youth by Ford, to whom the apartment really belonged. It was a comfortable diggings, run on the liberal lines you might expect in the establishment of two bachelors. Anything was apt to happen, and usually did.
>
> Harmony prevailed between the two roommates because they rarely saw each other. Ford, a sober and industrious practitioner of his craft, led a fairly sane life; that is to say, he went to bed at night and got up in the morning. The Handsome Roomer was the reverse; he was fond of staying up all night and resting by day. By the time he got up Ford had usually finished his day's work and gone gallivanting into town. The two met so rarely, in fact, that once when they passed each other in the living room Mr. Sullivan (for the Ugly Roomer was none other) tipped his hat courteously and said, "Mr. Ford, I presume!"
>
> One noon Mr. S. rose at his wonted hour, did his setting-up exercises, which consisted of opening and shutting his eyes twelve times near an open window, the first three times by using his thumb and forefinger to pry the lids loose, and emerged for breakfast. The sound of a clicking typewriter smote his ear. He winced, for it was a disagreeable reminder of work to be faced later. He sought the source of the uproar and saw a smallish man hunched over a typewriter in the living room. He passed into the kitchen and in pantomime besought Mrs. M., the factotum of the establishment, to tell him who the stranger was. Mrs. M. whispered, "Some writer. Mr. Wasson brought him up; he wanted to use a typewriter." Mrs. M intoned "some writer" in that mixture of condescension, pity, and bafflement, not unmixed with hostility, which experience had caused her to use when referring to her employers' fellow craftsmen.
>
> After breakfast, partly from curiosity and partly from courtesy, Mr. S. introduced himself to the stranger, bade him welcome to the castle, and asked if he had everything he needed for his work. The stranger thanked him and introduced himself. Said his name was Faulkner—Bill Faulkner, in New York on a visit from Mississippi. He had a story for *The Saturday Evening Post* to finish, wanted a quiet place to do it in, and Ben Wasson had brought him to the Ford-Sullivan apartment. Ben Wasson, a native of Faulkner's Oxford, was a popular literary agent of that era, who soothed his stable of temperamental writers in a magnolia-scented accent that endeared him to one and all.
>
> Your correspondent, having read "Mosquitoes," "The Sound and the Fury," "Sanctuary," and other Faulkner writings of that period, hurried to the closet, got out the red carpet reserved for special guests, and rolled it out.
>
> It is obvious from the way he has reacted to the Nobel Award that Bill Faulkner is the same unassuming, friendly, genuinely modest, and likable man he was then and always had been. If we call him "Bill" it is not because we are among those people who never use anyone's surname after five minutes' acquaintance but because he was simply not the kind of person to be called "Mr. Faulkner" by anyone who knew him at all well.
>
> Well, Mrs. M. was right when she said he was "some writer," but she should have placed the accent on the "some."

Mr. Faulkner's recent wanderings, incidentally, include a pilgrimage to the Kentucky Derby, where he won a bundle on Count Turf not only for himself but for optimistic editors who entrusted him with their modest savings. . . . Berney Geis, of Grosset and Dunlap, heard that Faulkner's forthcoming "Requiem for a Nun" included an interlude of three acts for a play and said to the author, "I thought you didn't generally visit the theatre." "I don't," replied Faulkner. "I can count on my fingers all the plays I've seen in the past twenty years." "Evidently that didn't prevent your including what amounts to an entire play in your new book," pursued Geis. Faulkner's reply stopped him cold. "I don't read many novels, either," he said.

THE FORTHRIGHT Fred Babcock, of the *Chicago Tribune*, often has admitted in print that the obscurantist poetry of E. E. Cummings leaves him completely mystified—a failing, if such it be, that is shared by the undersigned. The current *Sewanee Review*, however, contains an article by George Haines IV that has clarified not only our Cummings but our goings. First Mr. Haines quotes Mr. C.'s immortal "Poem Number 48":

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Then Mr. Haines explains, "This is poetry for the eye as well as for the ear. At a time when nearly all poetry is read silently, this should be regarded as an extension rather than a restriction of the possibilities of poetry. Cummings's purpose in this poem is to realize completely his meaning." The first ten dolts who will honestly confess they haven't the faintest idea what E. E. Cummings is driving at will receive a beautifully embossed copy of Nick Kenny's latest sonnet autographed by Bob Considine.

A COUPLE of young fellows in Hollywood named Stephen Bosustow and John Hubley recently won themselves fame, an Oscar award, and a wad of currency with a hilarious Doctor Seuss short called "Gerald McBoing Boing," all about a modern-day two-year-old who disdains ordinary speech and just goes around making the horrible sounds he hears in radio commercials. Now they've embarked upon a more ambitious project: a full-length James Thurber film called "Men, Women, and Dogs," a potpourri of live action sequences, animations of famous Thurber cartoon creations, and a commentary by the master himself. John Housman will produce those reels which involve living performers. The whole thing sounds pretty wonderful to this department. . . . *The New Yorker*'s Harold Ross tells how the wily Sam Goldwyn, following the success of Danny Kaye's interpretation of Walter Mitty, attempted to lure Thurber out to Hollywood for a writing stint. "I'll pay you five hundred a week," proposed Goldwyn. "Sorry," answered Thurber, "but Ross has met the increase." Goldwyn raised the ante to a thousand, then fifteen hundred, and finally twenty-five hundred but each time would get the courteous reply, "Ross has met the increase." There followed a long interim of silence. Then one day Goldwyn wrote again. This time his offer was down to fifteen hundred. Thurber wrote back, "Sorry, but Ross has met the decrease." —BENNETT CERF.

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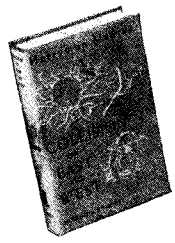

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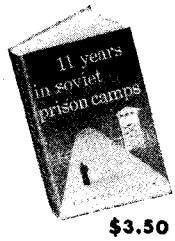

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Catalyst for Genius

Maxwell Perkins: 1884-1947

STRUTHERS BURT

Struthers Burt

EDITOR'S NOTE: *During the years he served as chief editor for Charles Scribner's Sons, Maxwell Evarts Perkins acted as literary midwife to the labors of writers as varied and talented as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Marcia Davenport, Taylor Caldwell, and Thomas Wolfe. This appreciation of Max Perkins by one of his authors and closest friends is published on the fourth anniversary of his death.*

THERE is no doubt that Thomas Wolfe was touched with genius. But genius is not so rare as all that. There are other men and women touched with genius who are also aware of discipline and form and the right of those around them to live. Unfortunately, genius is seldom recognized as such unless it is loud, disturbing, and cataclysmic. In my opinion the collaborator of "Look Homeward, Angel" and "Of Time and the River," Maxwell Evarts Perkins, was a greater genius than the author.

Now I will say something that has never before been said publicly. But it is time it was said in the interest of truth and of literary history and in order to set the record straight. There is not the slightest question in the minds of the few who knew Maxwell Perkins intimately that the Tom Wolfe episode killed him. Exactly from the date of Tom's betrayal he began to die. (His death occurred four years ago, June 17, 1947.)

I am not too much impressed by uncontrolled genius. I was when I was young, but I am no longer young. I am not sure that in the sum total the game is worth the candle. Uncontrolled genius has a dreadful, devouring, proliferating quality; cancerous. The world has had a lot of it. It seems to me that what we are in need of now is character, which after all is genius and also for any kind of genius the point of best departure. In the last two decades the world has witnessed too much uncontrolled genius.

Influence is the most mysterious by-product of personality, and personality sits at the heart of mystery. I think the foundation of Maxwell Perkins's influence was that extremely rare quality, integrity; integrity of taste, of selection, of learning, of human relationships. He never committed himself until he was sure, but once committed he was committed. He never let a man down or an idea or a belief. He was completely steadfast, loyal, and unbetraying. If you add to these qualities knowledge, acumen, imagination, and taste, then you have a formidable nucleus of influence, a radioactive base. Moreover, the more implicit influence is the less exhortatory, the more influential and impressive it is. It is ancient knowledge that example is the best precept. You were ashamed to be disloyal to life or ideas when you were with Max Perkins; unconsciously you did your best. It never occurred to you to be cheap or malingering. And all the while he never said anything about these things. He never even thought of them. If he had he would have been ashamed of himself. He was that rarest of all creatures, the non-hortatory male. He hadn't two seconds of lecturing in him, not a trace of the podium.

Habit is an odd companion. Most of the time it walks beside you silent and unnoticed, but familiar circumstances recurring it steps forward with pre-emptory command. Even now the first thing I find myself wanting to do when I arrive in New York (I get there as a rule only twice a year, spring and fall, and then only for a hurried week or so)

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is to pick up the telephone and call Scribner's — VOlunteer 5-0650 — and ask for "Mr. Perkins." Year after year I did that without so much as waiting to unpack my bags.

Habit pauses on the edge of an arid vacancy when in response to it there is no answer.

Often there would be an interval of a few minutes—Mr. Perkins was somewhere in the building. They were looking for him. (He walked about a good deal, making inspections, interviewing the heads of various departments, his hands clasping the lapels of his coat, and on the back of his head the extraordinary old sombrero Will James had given him. This sombrero became famous. It was of modest size, soft, fairly shapeless, and pearl gray—and during office hours seldom taken off. There was a trace of defiance about it. Max always wore it at his desk. As you entered the oak-partitioned cubbyhole at the southwest corner of the fifth floor of the Scribner Building the sombrero was the first thing you saw rising above the pile of manuscript over which its owner was usually bending.)

Presently his voice would answer over the telephone. It was a distinctive voice, nasal, a trifle rasping, but quiet and well-bred; out of New England but with no trace of the Harvard where he had spent four years. In it there was a New England reluctance to which was added a personal reluctance, as if the spoken word was something to be handled with due care. His sentences sounded a little bit as if they were being pulled sideways between his teeth. He would say one thing, "Hello!" Just that and no more. But it was a warm and welcoming "hello." And then he would wait as if you were the one with the interesting news and he had none of any interest at all.

SINCE as a general thing I had written beforehand we were likely to lunch together that day. I would arrive at his office at exactly 12:15.

The Scribner editorial offices on the fifth floor of the building on Fifth Avenue near Forty-eighth Street are starkly functional, compressed, and unadorned. They are the exact opposite of what Hollywood imagines the editorial offices of a great publishing house to be. There are no streamlined secretaries, no indirect lighting, no priceless little pieces of statuary. What you see for the most part are glass-paneled cubicles, in which are visible the upper halves of studious men absorbed in manuscripts or advertising copy or accounts or in interviewing visitors. But the fifth floor has something much more valuable then outer glamour. There is a sense of books, good books, and no nonsense — a feeling of continuity and dignity and incorruptibility where books are concerned, something that reaches back into the past and forward into the future. This produces an exciting feeling that has nothing to do with Hollywood and not a great deal to do with New York. The tempo of the fifth floor is busy but spacious, alert but mellow, civilized and deeply interested. The only concession to surface glamour—and that not overpowering — is the small, railed-off, lamp-lit reception place you enter upon leaving the elevator.

I would find Max in his cubbyhole. It was one of the most crowded cubbyholes I have ever seen. Taking up most of the space was a big desk stacked with books, manuscripts, and mail, neatly arranged. Everywhere were stacked books. On the walls, indiscriminately hung, were a few autographed photographs of authors, looking as if they had been put there and then forgotten. In one corner was a stiff-backed chair for visitors—the corner nearest the door. The south window of the cubbyhole looked down obliquely on Forty-eighth Street, the west window looked across Fifth Avenue to the church which until recently stood there. All day long pigeons fluttered and wheeled above the roof of the church and around its steeple. These pigeons inspired "Bunny" Wilson—Edmund—who at one time was a Scribner author, to write a poem about pigeons in which they were described as "grinding their gears" as they slowed for descent. It was a dreadfully bad poem, but then it was written in a period when mechanistic similes were popular and poets and ballet dancers and other artists waved their arms and legs metaphorically or actually in imitation of dynamos.

This cubbyhole was the scene of the historic and epic contest between Max Eastman and Ernest Hemingway.

Max Eastman had written an article in which he had remarked that Ernest Hemingway would be a great writer if he would "take the false hair off his chest." Ernest, who as usual was somewhere in the outer reaches of the world, had come across the article, and it had rankled. Later on Eastman and Hemingway had met quite accidentally in Max Perkins's office, Max as usual sitting calmly at his desk, and without a word the two of them had fallen upon each other and had crashed to the floor, where they lay writhing like a couple of Laocoöns until separated by Max and various other members of the firm.

Fred Wolfe (Tom's brother) and wife with Maxwell Perkins (c. 1946)—". . . a man of gallant imagination."

Like most men who work hard with their brains, Max loved routine in the ordinary details of living. Every day he caught the same early train in from New Canaan, where he lived in a lovely old book-crammed house with his wife and five daughters, and every day he caught the same late afternoon train back. Going and coming he read manuscript uninterruptedly while his neighbors in the club car searched the newspapers or played bridge or backgammon. When for some reason he could not catch the late afternoon train he was silently but visibly perturbed. Saturdays and Sundays he read manuscript. When in New York, every day at 12:30 he stood up from his desk, adjusted the Will James sombrero, walked up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-first Street, turned east, and lunched at Cherio's, that small and pleasant restaurant of excellent cooking, a favorite haunt of writers and editors before it was razed last year. Sometimes he varied this routine by turning east on Fiftieth Street.

Immediately to the left as you en-

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tered the downstairs dining room at Cherio's was a round table accommodating six. At the further end was the small, shining bar, from which during the luncheon hour came without intermission the exciting sound of cocktails being shaken. For fifteen years or more the round table bore a "Reserved" sign. No one sat there except on Max's invitation. He belonged to a couple of clubs within easy distance of his office but he never used them. Whenever it was suggested that he lunch at one of these he looked pained and obstinate and remarked that they were "too filled with authors." Considering the clientele of Cherio's this was not altogether reasonable.

He was not given to explanations. One of the most curious things I ever saw him do—and I saw him do a good many—was on a day when we had gone as usual to Cherio's for luncheon. To my surprise as we entered the downstairs dining room I saw two comely young women sitting at the forbidden table. Without a word Max brushed past and went straight to the bar, where we had the two cocktails with which we always celebrated our reunions. "There are people at my table," Max murmured out of the corner of his mouth. Then he led me back to the table and introduced me to the two trespassers or, rather, recalled them to my memory. They were his oldest and next oldest daughters, two of the five Misses Perkins.

I THINK I knew Max better than most people knew him. He was not an easy person to know, for knowing him required time and casualness. It was a process, an accretion. And ours was a warm, slow, unaffected intimacy of many years' standing. Absence did not affect it. It was based on entire mutual trust and understanding and a complete fundamental sympathy, which is by no means the same thing as surface agreement. At all events of one thing I am certain. I knew him better than the majority of the authors, young and old, male and female —the "Scribner writers"—to whom for two decades he was a strangely compelling, strangely unobtrusive human lodestar, whose influence half the time was unsuspected, and who was unconscious of its own power. I am sure of this because our relationship was never that of author and editor.

Authors are often entertaining people; so are editors. Treated properly both are likely to behave humanly and many even charmingly, but as a rule they are not at their best in each other's company. There is no relationship, not even that of bride and groom, into which self-consciousness is more likely to enter. Max and I

(*Continued on page 36*)

Fiction. *What is it you seek in your spring reading? If it is romance and melodrama expertly compounded in the tradition of Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca" you will enjoy Gerda Robison's "Dark Lady," reviewed on page 10. If it is a serious study of the eternal qualities of human relationships two other books reviewed this week merit your attention: Hugh MacLennan's story of the Calvinist fishing folk of Cape Breton thirty years ago, "Each Man's Son," and Mildred Walker's warmhearted portrait of an octogenarian lady determined to round out her days with dignity and independence. Two others are important for their comment on the political dilemmas of our time: Bruno E. Werner's "The Slave Ship," a depiction of the "little people" and the intelligentsia who lived through Hitler's era in Germany, and Irwin Shaw's "The Troubled Air," an analysis of storms in U. S. intellectual circles caused by current Red scares.*

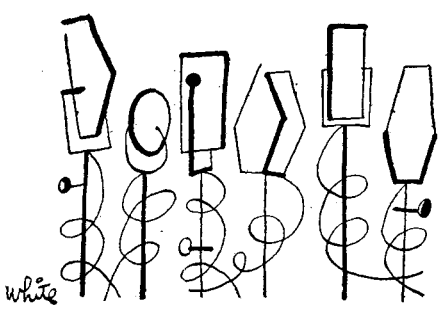
Some Are Gentle, Some Are Not

THE TROUBLED AIR. By Irwin Shaw. New York: Random House. 418 pp. $3.75.

By LIONEL TRILLING

IRWIN SHAW'S best work is still in the short story—this is the medium that allows his particular gifts of observation and sentiment to appear to their best advantage. The very brevity of the story form serves to check Mr. Shaw's talent in its inherent tendency to facility and to lend it a quality of ironic pungency or wryness which in its own way is often very attractive. In Mr. Shaw's first novel, because it was loosely episodic in structure, something of the quality of the stories survived and saved "The Young Lions" from being merely a large, deeply-felt cliché. But "The Troubled Air," his second novel, is cast in a more exigent mold, its form is relatively tight, it is a single large unit in which the observation and sentiment are unchecked in their tendency to the easy, happy demonstration of the obvious.

This is not to say that "The Troubled Air" is without interest. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that nothing Mr. Shaw might write could be wholly lacking in interest of one kind or another. For one thing, he always *does* observe and always *does* feel, and even when he is facile in observation and sentiment he is not insincere. And then he has established himself in a position which guarantees at least the historical or sociological or cultural interest of whatever he writes. He has undertaken the guidance of the moral and political emotions of a large and important class of people, those whom he once called "the gentle people." These are men and women usually of a middling position in our society. They are involved with ideas because modern life seems to make their very existence depend upon the involvement, but they are modest in what they demand by way of ideas and are quite willing to settle for attitudes. They are likely to be quiet, even passive, until aroused by the violence of those who are not gentle. To these people as his audience and by means of these people as his characters he has tried to represent the social and political actualities of our time, setting forth in terms of the private life what economic depression, commercial corruption, fascism, xenophobia, and war really mean, and to suggest the right responses of feeling and action to these grim commonplaces of danger.



In general and almost as a function of his genuine good will Mr. Shaw has been content to tell his audience that decency is a kind of simplicity, that modern life is ghastly because it is an affront to simplicity, and that the simple virtues are all we have for our defense. But in "The Troubled Air" he seeks to make his readers understand that modern political life cannot be simple and that decent people of liberal impulse must have two ideas in their heads instead of one. The

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danger that the book expounds is that of the infringement of American civil liberties, and Mr. Shaw is at great pains to show that the problem of defense, however simple it may be in principle, is in practical fact not simple at all. He points out that, although the attack on civil liberties does indeed begin with an attack on Communists, it is still truer that some people actually are Communists and that, although some of these may be misguided and "gentle," some are malign and all are under the direction of a malign power which has a principled hostility to liberty.

The political doctrine is unexceptionable, and because a good many of Mr. Shaw's readers are likely to believe that the essence of all liberalism is what has come to be called "anti-anti-Communism" its enunciation by Mr. Shaw is certainly most useful even at this late date. But whatever political satisfaction "The Troubled Air" may give, it gives but little pleasure as a work of fiction. What it tells us of the ordeal of its hero, Clement Archer, is adequate for a political morality but not for a novel. Archer is the director of a successful radio program, who is ordered to dismiss five members of his staff said to be Communists. Refusing to believe the truth of the accusation Archer undertakes to protect his associates, even at risk to his own position. Partly because he acts on nothing but decent impulse he finds himself compromised in every possible way. He is attacked and vilified both by the agents of reactionary big business and by the Communists, he is systematically betrayed by his closest friend, and eventually he is ruined.

An element of what is actually novelistic, of what transcends the pedagogy of the political tract, does indeed exist in the implication that Archer's naive laxness about his political intelligence has a connection with the deterioration of his relations with his wife and also with the passivity of his affection for his treacherous Communist friend. But Mr. Shaw's facility takes him all too easily through these potentially interesting matters to arrive at a rather factitious conclusion of hope and new resolve for the now politically enlightened Archer.

Lionel Trilling, professor of English at Columbia University, is a member of the board of editors of the American Men of Letters Series. His books include "Matthew Arnold," "E. M. Forster," and a novel, "The Middle of the Journey."

Richard L. Simon.

THE AUTHOR: Irwin Shaw says that the idea for "The Troubled Air" was suggested two years ago when he heard that a radio producer had received a warning to drop several people from his show for their suspected affiliations. When he was in mid-novel a similar problem broke into real-life newspapers. As statements were quoted he had the uncomfortable feeling that witnesses had been reading his ms. and memorizing speeches from it. The originating incident seemed to him a vantage point from which to examine our society not so much for the pros and cons of Left or Right but rather for the "guilts, terrors, dead enthusiasms, cruel punishments, lies, blind acts of courage, treachery, loyalties. . . . We live in an age of murder and most of us in this country are struggling to avoid being either victim or criminal. Whether we will succeed or not I don't know." He thinks the best a writer can do is examine himself carefully and report as accurately as he can what he finds in himself—as well as in the people around him. Irwin Shaw was born in New York's Bronx in 1913, moved to Brooklyn, where he went to school and college (incidentally being dropped once for failure in calculus). He moved to Manhattan when it looked as if his first play was to be produced. He's had eight plays put on—"six of them thundering flops." After the second play (when he was 24) a critic said he was finished. "There have been several moments since then when I was sure he was right." But he seems to have the born writer's stubbornness, plus unabated vigor; his product includes seventy short stories and his first novel, "The Young Lions." In World War II he served in Africa, England, France, and Germany. He thinks wars are "unfortunately, good for writers, if they don't get killed in them. Still, with all its probable literary values, I'd generously forego War III." Right now his living is divided between California and Manhattan. He likes to ski and play lots of tennis, "doing both inaccurately," and to watch his thirteen-month-old son's preoccupation with being robust. He intends to read criticisms of the new book with care, for he is dramatizing it and thus "for once will get that second chance a man always longs for."—K.S.

Intellectual Walk-ons

THE SLAVE SHIP. By Bruno E. Werner. Translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. New York: Pantheon Books. 483 *pp.* $4.

By Robert Pick

WHEN one of the refugees from the French Revolution, returning to France, asked the Abbé Sieyès what he had done during the Terror he replied: "*J'ai vécu*" ("I lived"). That could have been the answer to a similar query put when the Hitler nightmare was over to Georg Forster, the newspaperman and art critic who is the unheroic hero of this novel.

Georg loses one friend after another—to the Party, to the Army, to the hangman, to Allied bombardments; watching the indignities inflicted on the Jewish grandmother of his wife he comes close to losing his self-respect; he loses all his possessions; he loses his beloved wife. He is smaller than the sum total of his sufferings. He calls himself a "man with only a walk-on part on the stage of destiny, not equipped to do anything really bad and without the strength to do anything good—an utterly unimportant figure." That sounds like one of the protestations of their own littleness with which Germans so exasperated Allied interrogators in 1945. But Georg Forster is not a "little man"; he is an intellectual, enjoying the privileged status allotted to educated men among Germans. In fact Mr. Werner's huge and well-handled cast of characters consists exclusively of intellectuals. He has made an attempt, in short, to write the tragic story of the German intelligentsia under Hitler.

Though as a novelist he nowhere rises above the level of stroke-by-stroke presentation, he manages to make history come alive through the reactions of his protagonists. He packs the events of those fateful twelve years into his narrative without cramming it. The start of the war as seen from a tennis court, a press conference at the Führer's headquarters, a funeral under Allied bombardment, or the truly harassing climax in burned-out Dresden—these are scenes filled with genuine power.

Mr. Werner makes very credible the weakness of his hero—or, to call it by a less moralistic name, his disinclination to lose either his head or his means of support for the beau geste to which the futility of resistance under a totalitarian regime threatens to reduce any act of civil courage. It is in his all too early preconception of that futility that Georg Forster reveals his guilt; and I am at a loss to

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say whether Mr. Werner is fully aware of it, so occupied (understandably) is he with Georg's growing despair.

Even so, Mr. Werner convinces us that civil courage—a commodity at a premium everywhere, when it comes down to it—was something no one ever should have expected from the slaves on Hitler's galley. The enigma as to how they, the German intellectuals, fell into that slavery is not solved satisfactorily.

To my mind the reason for this is the fact that Georg is not as thoroughly representative of the German anti-Nazi intelligentsia as he is supposed to be. By and large that class was far from being as consistent in its feelings as poor Georg. Hitler's success together with the shameful apathy of the outside world argued many a decent German intellectual out of his qualms. Once the war was on the "patriot's dilemma" immediately complicated the situation even of those who until then had not compromised with their consciences. On the other hand, the unspeakable calamity that befell Germany in the end caused many of those tortured men to believe they had always resisted the lure of the powers that were to bring about the catastrophe. It is, I submit, that fallacy—the German readers' self-identification with the helpless but never wavering hero—which made this novel a best seller in Germany.

Robert Pick, Austrian-born novelist, is the author of "Guests of Don Lorenzo" and is well known as an English translator of German books.

Sins of the Fathers

DARK LADY. By Gerda Robison. New York: Harper & Bros. 247 pp. $3.

By Josephine Lawrence

THE RELATIONSHP between parents and children offers, with no vows to be spoken, infinitely greater possibilities for dark and shameful bondage than does the most painful marriage. This is because children are in effect born into slavery and dependent upon parents, their owners, to set them free. It is, indeed, virtually impossible to exaggerate the influence of fathers and mothers or to find the most distorted examples of filial behavior wholly incredible either in fiction or in real life.

No more liberal-minded father can be imagined than Gerda Robison presents in the character of John Fitzgerald. He has allowed his two sons to select their professions—although he would have preferred them to come into his own firm—and does not complain when one lives abroad and the other disappears. The father waits five years before he summons the older son, a successful painter in Paris, to come home and search for his missing brother. The value of parental authority imposed only at long intervals is immediately apparent: John Merrill (he adopted his mother's maiden name for professional use) sets off for Aubinsdale. It is in this Southern town that Tony, the vanished, married Alison Rathbourne following his graduation from medical school. With the exception of a telegram sent to his father a year later and announcing his plan to study in Vienna nothing has since been heard from him.

There is a quality of mesmerism in Mrs. Robison's description of Aubinsdale that is very lovely, elusive, and at its best in the first section of her novel. The time is 1905, but the reader is reminded irresistibly of "Brigadoon" or any one of half a dozen similar legends. So pervasive is the spell exerted by Aubinsdale and the household of Roger Crandall and his Aunt Lucy, whom Merrill is to visit, that living in an eighteenth-century dream becomes an enchanting experience. Even the colored servants speak a perfect French, and all the people seem untouched by time. Everything is strange, beautiful, arrested, and unreal.

Merrill's search for his brother is blocked by a wall of reticence raised against him, a stranger in the town, at every turn. He is using his professional name; therefore the Rathbournes do not identify him with his brother. It is Isobel Roulliet, jilted by Dana Rathbourne, who supplies the first real clew to the mysterious disappearance, but not until much later can Merrill guess the connection between the broken engagement and Tony's disastrous marriage. Meanwhile he learns that Alison, who died in childbirth, is survived by a little girl. The head of the Rathbourne family and Alison's father is Major Mills Rathbourne, arrogant, tyrannical, violent, and completely unbalanced on two subjects: the death of his adored namesake son as a young boy and the marriage of his daughter to Tony.

The dark and terrible childhood of Dana Rathbourne, victim of his father's diseased personality, the ghastly truth of Tony's tragic end, and the slow, tortured flowering of Dana's and Isobel's love story are worked out in rich and vivid detail. It is not fair to disclose the actual denouement, which in retrospect assumes melodramatic shadings in a mind recovering from the magic of eminently satisfying prose. This sense of overwhelming abundance, of lush characterization, color, and plot should make what is agreeably called "a good movie." It has already made a good book.

Josephine Lawrence is editor of Home Magazine *of the* Newark (*N.J.*) Sunday News. *She is the author of a number of novels, of which "The Way Things Are" is the most recent.*

"Heavens! Only two months left to argue about where to spend your vacation."

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Bruno E. Werner—"those tortured men."

Gerda Robison—"dark bondage."

Hugh MacLennan—"classic drama of guilt."

Fate, the Prime Mover

EACH MAN'S SON. By Hugh MacLennan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 244 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

THERE were rough and stern people living on the island of Cape Breton thirty years ago, descendants of fighting Scotch clans who had fled years before from English suppression to make the island their own. In this novel they are mostly miners digging coal from the depleted pits and fishermen sailing off the banks of Newfoundland.

Here they could cherish some remnants of their native Gaelic, express their love for a rugged seagirt land, and indulge their Calvinist souls in thoughts of the wrath of God. This is the scene of Hugh MacLennan's tumultuous novel. He writes in his preface, "There was a curse upon these people, intensified by Calvin and branded on them by John Knox and his successors. Since they were no part of the outer world, it remained alive with them, like a somber beast growling behind locked doors."

The chief character of "Each Man's Son" is the physician who had built the island's small hospital, which was filled every Saturday night with drunkards and men with broken jaws and heads, who had fought each other in the dreary main street of Cape Breton's mining town. Dr. Ainslie is too gifted a surgeon to remain in exile. He had planned to leave Cape Breton and take a post in London or New York, leaving his work to the assistants he had trained. His loving wife, Margaret, was childless, and the black dog that rode on his shoulders was his love for a boy named Alan, whose life he has saved and whom he intends to bring up as his own son. He had performed the necessary operation on his wife which had made her barren, and his secret sense of guilt was compounded by his knowledge that it was a sin to deprive another woman of her son for the sake of making his own marriage secure. The boy's father was a strong man who had run away, like many another, from lifelong slavery in the coal mines. He had made a great reputation as a prize fighter in the United States; he is now on his last legs but has never returned to the island. When the novel opens Alan's mother has entered into a love affair with a musical Frenchman who intends to take her and her son back to France.

Here, obviously, are all the elements for an explosive and tragic ending: the dour island, the doctor's Calvinist conscience, the boy a pawn in the game, the erring mother, and, offstage, a violent and ruined husband. Hugh MacLennan has proved in other novels that he knows how to construct from materials which might have served Thomas Hardy in an earlier day the familiar, classic drama of guilt and retribution, played against a wild and harsh background. That has become unfashionable in our time, partly because to a generation which has rejected the inevitability of tragic endings the plot seems to be contrived, partly because it must be set, according to the rules of the game, in primitive surroundings amongst stern and passionate people who seem to have disappeared from twentieth-century life.

In the older sense of the word "Each Man's Son" is romantic as well as tragic, and, as in "Wuthering Heights," the forlorn and wild scenery is a part of the whole conception. It is only too simple for the modern reader to ask why Alan's mother had to endure for years the absence of a husband who never answered her supplicating letters or why she must survey her French lover with skepticism. Mollie and the Frenchman seem to be waiting throughout the novel for the moment when the violent and battered prize fighter will return to murder them. The reader waits, too, knowing that since fate is the prime mover in this novel the man must come back and dispose of everyone including himself who stands in the way of the good doctor's peaceful possession of the murderer's son. It seems fitting and satisfactory when he finally dies of shock and escapes the hanging he deserved.

There is more to "Each Man's Son" than "the brooding storm that has been hovering over the hearts and minds of the protagonists." With the exception of the Gallic lover, whose presence on an island and amongst people so alien to his nature is difficult to imagine, the rest of the characters are admirably portrayed. The unfaithful wife is entirely credible, for she represents the softer and more romantic strain that exists in the nature of the Celtic people. The doctor is honestly contrived, and his morbid conscience is a part of him. Finally, there are the stern island and the grim row of wretched houses about the colliery, the battles on Saturday nights, the tranquil summers, the savage storms, the icy winters. Whether it follows a new or an outmoded conception of life and literature, "Each Man's Son" is on the whole a satisfactory and a moving performance.

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Grandma Lives Longer Now

THE SOUTHWEST CORNER. By Mildred Walker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 144 pp. $2.

By Dorothy Van Doren

THE PROBLEM of what to do with old people is as old as man himself. Time was when Grandma, aged and useless, was left by the tribe to die. Time was when she sat by the chimney corner and rocked the newest grandchild in his cradle, secure in her place and accepted by the family. Our own time, with its own patterns of behavior, has a new problem: Grandma is going to live longer than she ever did before!

Mildred Walker has made a gentle and at the same time thoughtful contribution to the current debate on gerontics. Her Mrs. Elder has spent all but one of her eighty-three years in the hill-top Vermont farmhouse in which she was born. But the last winter, when she had lived indoors "like a mole," the two stoves to feed and the privy out back and the last snowstorm in May all make her admit that she cannot do it again—not alone, as she has been doing it for more than thirty years.

Being a resourceful person with a mind of her own, Mrs. Elder puts an ad in the paper: "Wanted: agreeable woman to share pleasant living with able-bodied, vigorous old lady of eighty-three with small capital, in return for all property at her death."

How the ad was answered and how Mrs. Elder, with many doubts, decided to go through with her bargain is Miss Walker's story. It looks very bad for Mrs. Elder at first. The companion she selects is able-bodied, hearty, kind, and hopelessly vulgar. Mrs. Elder likes her tea in the sitting room because the sun comes into it just at tea time; Bea feels that it is more sensible and much less work to have it in the kitchen—and if you have a good, hearty supper you don't need tea anyway. Mrs. Elder likes her sheets changed every week. "You can't tell me," says Bea, "that two women sleeping alone and bathing every Saturday night need to change their sheets every week; once in two weeks is enough."

So it goes. At eighty-three it is hard to get used to new ways, be they ever so kindly meant. But a bargain is a bargain, and Mrs. Elder is not one to go back on her word. She suffers Bea's heavy meals, her complaints about the old house and insensitivity to its beauties; she even survives the auction of her old furniture and a remove to Bea's modern, steam-heated, stifling bungalow. But Miss Walker is too kind to leave her there. At the last we learn what is meant by the southwest corner—the warmest corner of the house, the easiest spot for old people to live out their last days in, social security in the old-fashioned manner; and we are relieved and happy to leave Mrs. Elder in her rightful place.

A warm-hearted book and one that is both wise and tender. Without undue emphasis, with brevity, common sense, and a dash of humor Miss Walker has told a story that has meaning for all of us.

Dorothy Van Doren is the author of "The Country Wife," "Those First Affections," "The Flowering Quince," and other books.

Fiction Notes

WOMAN IN LOVE. By Lucy Cores. Harper. $3. Danaë and Europa and Leda—"all these were mortal women, and all these / Upon the earth had had a God for guest." In Bennet Nelson's adolescent dreams and in a later recurrent dream, terrifying with its premonition of disaster, she had turned with all her being to that legendary Olympian lover. When she met Richard Greer, handsome, successful, arrogantly rich, she invested him with all the qualities of the dream and loved him fiercely, utterly, wholly. That she asked of her deity the one thing he would not or could not give —fidelity and permanence to their relationship—was the disaster she had foreseen but not believed could happen.

This is the story of a woman in love, obsessed with love, and counting the world well lost for it. That the object of this love was in fact something less than a god, that he was self-centered and as ruthlessly willing as a child to take what he wanted, so long as he wanted it, and to leave Bennet again and again to survive as best she could affected that love no whit. It is a tribute to the realism with which Lucy Cores presents her infatuated heroine that the reader feels as outraged as her friends do about Bennet's obsession with the seat-slapping philanderer, Richard Greer, and wants to cry out periodically, "For heaven's sake, don't be such a fool!" Miss Cores has done an excellent job in her psychological study of a woman fighting to hold her lover with every weapon and stratagem at her command, studying his likes and his dislikes, making herself over to conform to what she thinks would please him best—and defeating herself.

The characters of Miss Cores's novel are the high-powered sophisticates of New York's magazine, publishing, and publicity circles, and her book is excellently conceived and skilfully written.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

NOTHING SERIOUS. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday. $2.50. It is sad to have to admit it, but P. G. Wodehouse no longer strikes us as being the funny fellow he used to be. No fault of his, of course. He keeps his assorted British birdbrains leaping through their hoops as energetically as ever. The trouble is that times have changed, we have changed, and our ideas of humor have changed—but Wodehouse hasn't.

Reading these ten stories leaves one with feelings of mingled resistance and regret. Fifteen years ago these

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Belles-Lettres.

Two decades ago with "The Lost Generation" thirty-three-year-old Malcolm Cowley established a firm reputation as historian and critic of the extraordinary group of American writers who emerged from World War I. Then in 1934 he wrote a second volume on the subject, giving it an autobiographical turn. In a few days a new edition of the latter book, "Exile's Return," will be published; it will be reviewed here shortly. Now twenty-seven-year-old John W. Aldridge has undertaken to do for the post-World War II generation what Cowley did for his own. His "After the Lost Generation" is reviewed below. . . . The Kenyon Review *is a "little magazine" that has exerted a large influence on contemporary literary criticism. John Crowe Ransom has selected representative essays from it for "The Kenyon Critics." . . . Martin Turnell offers a provocative reinterpretation of French writing in "The Novel in France."*

The Literature of Nihilism

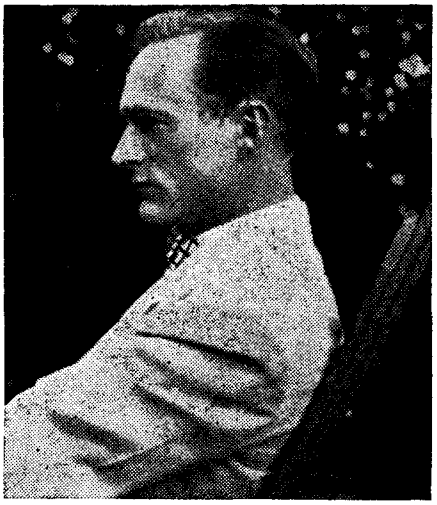
AFTER THE LOST GENERATION. By John W. Aldridge. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75

By William Barrett

HERE is a really important book of criticism that is refreshingly different from the turgid productions of some of the new generation of critics. The importance of John W. Aldridge's work is that it raises some of the most urgent problems that now confront the American writer—problems that cannot be shirked if American literature is to go on to something better than the productions of the last ten years. The different and the refreshing note is that Mr. Aldridge does not attempt the analytic objectivity of the New Criticism but identifies himself with the object of his discussion, writing in a directly personal tone and speaking for his own generation.

So far as I know, this is the first book that attempts to make a survey of the new postwar generation that has formed on our literary scene since the cessation of hostilities in 1945. The novelists chosen here as representative of this new generation are: Norman Mailer, Irwin Shaw (for "The Young Lions" only), John Horne Burns, Alfred Hayes, Merle Miller, Vance Bourjaily, Paul Bowles, Truman Capote, Gore Vidal. If this book, good as it is, hardly measures up to Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return," which told the critical story of the generation after the First World War, the fault may not be altogether Mr. Aldridge's, since his material is considerably poorer than Cowley's. The fact is that this new postwar generation hardly measures up to the Lost Generation either in richness of experience or of literary production.

Thus the burden of Mr. Aldridge's account is rather depressing. Nearly all the novels he examines have at their center some humanly negative quality that cancels the very possibility of significant fiction. Over and over the refrain of his criticism is expressed in words like "emptiness," "meaningless," "nothingness," "futility," "absence of values," etc. He conceives that a novel, as a selective representation of experience, must be guided by some set of values that the author and his presumed readers have in common. This absence of guiding values in the newer writers is, in Mr. Aldridge's contention, something very different from the revolt and despair of the Lost Generation after the First World War. Thus the first part of this book is devoted to the three writers of the Twenties—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos—who set the stage, in the discovery of new techniques and content, for the new generation of the Forties; and the revolt and despair of the earlier writers is seen as fundamentally a passionate and positive experience in comparison with the tepid dissatisfaction of their offspring. And even where the new writers attempt to deal with serious themes, such as the problem of the Negro, the Jew, or the homosexual in our society, what emerges is always some abstract figure, hardly felt as human, of the Negro, the Jew, and the homosexual.



John W. Aldridge—"urgent problems."

With a great deal of this indictment I feel that I cannot disagree. Certainly most of the novels produced during the past five or six years, particularly those that deal with urban life, have been marked by just the kind of emptiness that Mr. Aldridge describes: trivial characters, dissipated interests, meaningless lives—the pattern is so repetitive that the reader puts the book aside convinced that the writer himself could not possibly take his own creatures seriously, if he takes anything at all seriously.

All of this—and we have to thank Mr. Aldridge for bringing the whole problem into focus—raises a very momentous question for American critics and, indeed, for anyone interested at all in American civilization. Why is it that America, a really new civilization, vital and youthful if still immature, is now producing this widespread literature of nihilism? Mr. Aldridge suggests some facts in explanation, but the real roots of the trouble lie well beyond the province of his book—as well as of this review. He is certainly right, though, in insisting that you cannot blame the writers for being negative since their confusion only mirrors the confusion of American life itself. "The best literature in America," he emphatically announces, "will continue to be negative so long as the country's values are such that no writer of honesty or insight can possibly take them seriously."

But are the real values of American life only those values that are blared out at us from all the loudspeakers of mass propaganda and mass culture and that surely no sensitive human being could take very seriously? Beneath all the disorder and heterogeneity of American life aren't there some very real and positive, if less blaring, human values? I think there are, and it is on the basis of this that we can go on hoping—despite the truth of most of Mr. Aldridge's indictment—for a really great and serious American literature.

William Barrett is assistant professor of philosophy at New York University and an associate editor of the Partisan Review.

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Masterpieces Investigated

THE NOVEL IN FRANCE. By Martin Turnell. New York: New Directions. 432 pp. $4.25.

By Ben Ray Redman

MARTIN TURNELL gives us under his comprehensive title careful, penetrating studies of the best works of seven French novelists—Mme. de LaFayette, Choderlos de Laclos, Constant, Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, and Proust. Not only has he looked hard and long and intelligently at his texts; he has assimilated much of the writing that has grown up around them. Yet he always rides his own literary line, taking his critical fences with courage, although without bravado.

He is not afraid, for example, to rank masterpieces in order of merit; a practice that is avoided either through caution or because of disapproval by many critics of our day. In his preface he bluntly declares that Stendhal is for him "the greatest French novelist," with Proust running second; that Laclos wrote "the greatest French novel of the eighteenth century"; and that among French novels of the next century "Adolphe" is surpassed as a finished work of art only by Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "Le Rouge et le Noir." His preface also makes it clear that he finds serious faults and deficiencies in both Balzac and Flaubert; he dismisses in passing Zola's claims to greatness and says that he fully agrees with Stendhal regarding Voltaire's writings—which means that he detests them.

The body of Mr. Turnell's book is devoted to the elaboration and defense of his prefatory estimates. He quotes lavishly from his French texts and supplies translations of quoted passages; but readers should be warned that he does not translate many passages from other French sources. I think it is fair to say that "The Novel in France" will prove most interesting and valuable to readers who are familiar with the original versions of the novels under discussion. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise in view of the fact that Mr. Turnell begins with the proposition that "the study of the French novel is primarily a study of the alterations which have taken place in the French language and of the novelists' use of their resources."

This proposition initiates much valuable critical endeavor along linguistic and stylistic lines; but at times Mr. Turnell would seem to be suggesting mistakenly that a language flourishes and decays by itself and that writers, even the greatest, must make use of a language as they find it. He does not mean this, of course, as he proves again and again; but the suggestion is there. However, although he begins as a student of language, he quickly broadens the field of his inquiry. He studies his novelists not only as users of language but as critics of society, as social influences, as guides to behavior, and in some cases as complex human beings.

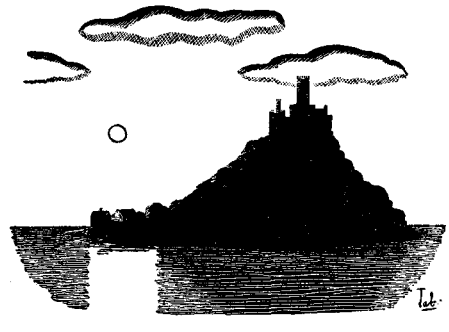
As we follow him in his investigations and evaluations we find that he, like the rest of us, sometimes permits non-literary factors to influence his literary judgments. For example, having made it clear that he hates the leveling-down process of democracy, he says that Proust's world offers "a momentary escape from our own sordid plight." And in the case of his adored Stendhal it is obvious that his adoration is at least partially based on the belief that Stendhal's "views are, if anything, more actual today than at the time when his novels were written . . . they still represent the only conceivable solution for the intellectual in a democratic society."

It is possible in a brief review only to hint at Mr. Turnell's estimates, arguments, and opinions. He is a "classicist" who regards the Romantic Movement and its sequelae with candid distaste and disapproval. What he would seem to prize above all else in a novelist is "sensibility." He never explains precisely what he means by this favorite, hard-worked word of his, but we may be sure that he does not mean the famous "sensibility" that was cultivated to the point of absurdity by Mesdames de Tencin, Riccoboni, and de Genlis. It is best to assume, perhaps, that he uses the word in its broadest English sense rather than with its French literary connotations. Along with sensibility he prizes, rather vaguely, "maturity." He tells us, for example, that Flaubert's sensibility was "undoubtedly defective" and he finds in Flaubert a continual contrast "between the maturity of the expression and the immaturity or thinness of the feelings expressed." Balzac, too, was sadly lacking in sensibility; and "we cannot escape the impression that Balzac's outlook was fundamentally immature." Indeed, only Stendhal measures up fully to Mr. Turnell's high standards as regards sensibility and maturity, for he tells us that we cannot compare Proust with Stendhal without being "conscious of the superb sensibility of the nineteenth-century master and of the limitations of Proust's own sensibility."

Flaubert and Balzac are condemned on additional grounds. We are assured that the first was deficient not only as a social critic and as a psychologist but also as a stylist; and, moreover, he lacked intelligence. Yet—he "was the greatest technical master of the century and his influence on his successors was decisive." Balzac, of course, had no style at all. In fact, in many ways he stands only a step or two above Simenon. And yet—he "was responsible for opening up horizons which transformed the French novel."

Mr. Turnell is at his best, I think, in his studies of Constant, Laclos, and Mme. de Lafayette; and his analysis of Proust's vast novel is rich in fine critical insights, although he plainly finds it difficult, in middle life, to "recapture the strange charm of his first reading" of "A la Recherche du temps perdu." He is less successful to my mind in his attempts to justify critically his unqualified praise of Stendhal but he has interesting things to say about his most cherished French novelist; and it is only fair to remember, as he declares, that "Stendhal has defeated his critics more completely than any other great novelist."

To sum it all up, "The Novel in France" is well worth careful reading because it is the work of an acute, intelligent, hardy, and provocative critic. But this critic—to borrow his own favorite word—possesses a strictly limited sensibility. And it should be added that he is strangely tolerant of inadequate and even inaccurate translations from the language he knows and loves so well.



Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 897)

EUDORA WELTY:
*IN THE TWILIGHT**

The daylight in glory is dying away. . . .
A lone cypress tree, with its feathery grace,
Casts delicate shadows, like old Spanish lace,
On the cool trembling waters that meet the gray sky,
And the moon rules supreme in her palace on high.

*Written at age fifteen, for St. Nicholas League; from "St. Nicholas Anthology," edited by Henry Steele Commager, 1949.

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William Empson, Richard Eberhart, Lionel Trilling, Philip Rahv, William Barrett, Robert Penn Warren, W. H. Auden, Cleanth Brooks, Dudley Fitts—"robust, sane, and various."

Focus on Modern Culture

THE KENYON CRITICS: Studies in Modern Literature from the Kenyon Review. Edited by John Crowe Ransom. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 342 *pp.* $4.

By Louis L. Martz

HERE are thirty-three essays by thirty-three critics, each discussing a different aspect of modern culture: Mann, Joyce, Yeats, Charlie Chaplin, Aldous Huxley, Oscar Wilde, Satan, existentialism, and Robinson Jeffers. Mr. Ransom's principle of limiting each critic to one article apiece has proved to be a wise one, despite the inclusion of a weak article on Faulkner and an essay in which for the first time in his life William Empson has not much to say. For we find here a shrewd choice of essays by lesser-known critics whose varied skills command attention: Robie Macauley's brilliant reclamation of the novels of Ford Madox Ford; Donat O'Donnell's witty and withering appraisal of the brand of "piety" embalmed in the novels of Evelyn Waugh; Vivienne Koch's perceptive essay on the poetry of Allen Tate; and half a dozen others. Among the familiar names as well one feels a striking diversity of interests and outlooks: Philip Rahv, Delmore Schwartz, and William Barrett will at once suggest the *Partisan* rather than the *Kenyon Review*; Adrienne Monnier's thoughts on reading "Ulysses" conjure up a mellow, matriarchal aura of Paris in the Twenties; Auden's essay on Yeats is a personal, distinctly British tribute. Indeed, what Irving Howe here says of John Peale Bishop might be applied to a number of these contributors: "I had vaguely thought of him as related to the 'Southern writers' and (if only through intellectual marriage) the New Critics; but he is not so easily pegged."

Shall we say, then, that the *Kenyon Review* represents not a particular kind of criticism but only a fine miscellany of random talents? By no means; underneath all this diversity one will find a central, sustaining approach to literature which gives this book a focus after all. The focus is established very early in the book by three important articles which the chronological arrangement has set side by side: Robert Penn Warren's essay, "Pure and Impure Poetry"; Austin Warren's interpretation of the later novels of Henry James; and Eliseo Vivas's study of Kafka and his critics. From these one will gather the following central principles. The best works of art involve "resistances," "tensions," "rich interplay and reconciliation of impulses"; such works move dramatically "through complication toward simplicity of effect" and hence will "survive reference to the complexities and contradictions of experience." Works of this complexity deserve close, rigorous reading, such as the subtle account here given of James's "Golden Bowl"—analysis in terms of symbol, dialectic, plot, any and all elements that go to make up "the set of relationships, the structure, which we call the poem" or the novel. For only a faithful comprehension of this "structure" will give us the fundamental meaning of the work.

It is remarkable that studies of this kind, dealing with careful interpretation, could result on the whole in critical prose of a very high quality, whether it is the neo-baroque glitter of Dudley Fitts, the neat Macaulayism of Eric Bentley, the crisp, firm analysis of Cleanth Brooks, or the conversational ease of Lionel Trilling and Richard Eberhart. There are exceptions to this praise but not many; and one of these, at least—R. P. Blackmur's thicket of observations on Mann's "Doctor Faustus"—is actually one of the most rewarding articles in the book: its groping, almost tormented style strikes one as perhaps the only way to express the agony and torment that constitute the book itself.

Here, then, is a rich collection of essays which ought to reassure those who have been worrying about that "composite monster," the New Criticism. For the volume is robust, sane, and various; it proves the truth of what Allen Tate has recently said of this criticism: "It began as *explication du texte*, and from there people went in many different directions."

Louis L. Martz is associate professor of English at Yale University. He is the author of "The Later Career of Tobias Smollett."

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A Danish View

WALT WHITMAN. By Frederik Schyberg. Translated by E. A. Allen. New York: Columbia University Press. 387 *pp.* $5.

By Oscar Cargill

FREDERIK SCHYBERG'S book, published in Denmark in 1933 and now first given to the American public in an excellent translation, is an important addition to Whitman scholarship and appreciation. In his introduction Schyberg reviews with Brandesian thoroughness all of the best scholarly and critical work on Whitman prior to his book. The chapter on America in 1850, which surveys this country through the eyes of Frederika Bremer, visiting Danish novelist, is better orientation for Danes than for Americans; the one on Walt Whitman at Thirty-six covers the career of the poet up to the publication of "Leaves of Grass." It is a good epitome for the layman; the scholar is assured of Schyberg's critical competence by the way he avoids the lures that have enticed so many Whitman biographers.

The chapter on "Leaves of Grass," 1855-89, is the rich core, the lode vein of the work; here the critic does what singularly enough has never been done before: he studies comparatively the different editions of "Leaves of Grass" to reconstruct the poet's artistic growth and inner life from the character and prevailing mood in each instance of suppression, alteration, and addition. A wide knowledge of European literature makes Schyberg's concluding chapter, Whitman and World Literature, an invaluable contribution to our knowledge of the poet's pervasive influence.

The study introduces to Americans also a fine critical sensibility and a new hero. Disciple and successor to Georg Brandes as Denmark's leading critic, Frederik Schyberg survived the German occupation and concentration camp to die last year on the eve of his most precious triumph—installation in the chair of theatrical history which had been especially created for him at the University of Copenhagen. Schyberg had accepted as his task the continuation of Brandes's campaign to "deprovincialize" all Scandinavia, and since a whole new estate had been added to world literature subsequent to Brandes's omnivorous studies—the estate of the new American literature—Schyberg resolved to make that his special area. When his still untranslated "Moderne Amerikansk Litteratur, 1900-1930" appeared in 1930 it was pronounced by bilingual critics as better than any similar work in English. He followed this with his study of Walt Whitman and then was diverted, because of Copenhagen's want of a first-class theatrical critic and reviewer, into the field of dramatic criticism, in which he issued five volumes.

Every Whitman study seems fated to start a new controversy, and Schyberg's possibly will be no exception. Sensibly scouting the sensational interpretations of the New Orleans and Washington "affairs," Schyberg focuses on the years 1856-1860, about which we know least, as those bracketing the great passionate experience of Whitman's life, either a deep homosexual or heterosexual involvement, more probably the former. As evidence the critic cites Emerson's disparaging remark related to these years, "I had great hopes of Whitman until he became a Bohemian"; the poet's known frequentation of Pfaff's basement; the new note of defeat in Whitman's poetry, especially in "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" ("Had his lover died?" Schyberg asks); and the famous notebook resolve of April 16, 1861, to "inaugurate . . . a purged, cleansed, spiritualized, invigorated body."

None will be completely convinced, surely, by such evidence, but the hypothesis must lead to closer examination of these years. The only probable vagary in the book, it hardly detracts from the rich suggestiveness of Schyberg's method or the generally acceptable results of his analysis. The growth of Whitman as an artist is now more clearly defined than ever before.

Oscar Cargill, professor of English at New York University, is the author of "Intellectual America" and other books. He edited an edition of Walt Whitman's "The Wound Dresser."

Vision of Synthesis

THE POSITION OF AMERICA and Other Essays. By Alfonso Reyes. Translated by Harriet de Onis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 172 *pp.* $5.

By Herschel Brickell

THIS is an intelligent and appreciative sampling of the prose writings of one of Mexico's best known intellectuals. Famous for more than a generation both in Latin America and Europe, Alfonso Reyes has not before been introduced to the English reading public, although his many honors include a discussion of him as a candidate for the Nobel Prize. His interests have always been far-ranging, and he has served his country in a number of important diplomatic posts.

The collection has the advantage of a glowing foreword by Federico de Onis, who places Señor Reyes in his proper Mexican and cosmopolitan settings, and of the kind of sensitive and perceptive translation to be expected from Mrs. Onis.

Since the title inevitably appears to have topical significance it needs to be explained that Señor Reyes is not thinking of power politics at all but of the possibility that this hemisphere may achieve a fusion of past cultures, Eastern and Western, combining the best of the past for the good of the future. This he calls the "American synthesis," and here is his vision, dimmed one is bound to admit by the present state of the world, but still one of our happiest hopes and dreams:

> The knowledge of salvation alone would turn us into prostrate peoples, gaunt, begging, holy mendicants; knowledge as an end in itself into

"The king says instead of beads and cloth he wants an American publisher."

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sophists and mandarins; knowledge of power alone into scientific barbarians, who, as we have seen, are the worst type of barbarians. Only a balance of all these can ensure our loyalty to earth and heaven. This is the mission of America. [Señor Reyes means, primarily, Latin America.]

There are nine other essays in the book besides the title one, the longest a stirringly beautiful re-creation of the Aztec civilization, called "Vision of Anáhuac." Dr. Onis says that Señor Reyes is a poet above everything else, and this essay bears out the statement. It is a fine blend of imagination and historical knowledge, which successfully evokes a vanished culture that lives on in the Mexican soul—and even in the souls of the outlanders sensitive enough to feel its presence.

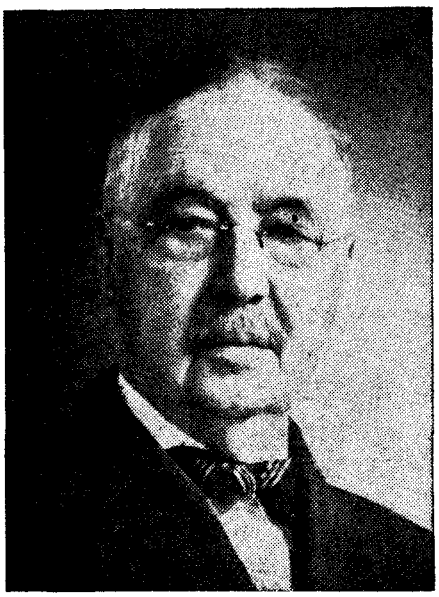
Among the other selections are such fragmentary and relatively inconsequential pieces as "Thoughts on the American Mind" and "Social Science and Social Responsibility." But there are also thoughtful and charming essays, such as "The Tenth Muse of America," meaning, of course, the fascinating nun-poet Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz, bracketed by Señor Reyes with the dramatist Ruiz de Alarcon as the "rightful glory" of Mexico.

Señor Reyes also writes with contagious enthusiasm of "Native Poetry of New Spain," and even those who have some familiarity with the subject will find here much to beckon to a further exploration of a field of infinite riches. The ancient native poetry lives on, he says, enduring in spirit and "fires our imagination over the distance, just as the Orient and the Middle Ages gave their reflected light to the romantic movement of Europe."

There are also interesting essays on the Brothers Pinzon of the Columbian voyages, the thesis of which is that the Discovery was "in great measure the fruit of private initiative," thus setting a New World pattern of first importance, and on Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci. Here Señor Reyes insists that "the rivalry between Columbus and Vespucci is an error of perspective, a fallacy on the part of posterity." These pieces, with a moving tribute to one of the author's friends and fellow-writers, Luis G. Urbina, round out the collection.

The work of Señor Reyes is an excellent example of the kind of dazzlingly brilliant minds to be found among Latin intellectuals. By the most rigid tests it does not disclose, especially in the more general essays, either striking originality or profundity nor is it likely to reach beyond a small and selected public, but the powers of suggestion native to a mind essentially poetical are everywhere present.

To King James's Taste?



—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Henry N. Paul—"reveals richness."

THE ROYAL PLAY OF MACBETH. By Henry N. Paul. New York: The Macmillan Co. 438 pp. $6.

By Oscar James Campbell

THIS IS an important and interesting book. The author, who succeeded the late H. H. Furness as dean of the famous Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia, has spent a long life in the study and interpretation of the poet's work. The present volume is the result of years of research in the great Renaissance collections of America and England.

Mr. Paul's thesis is that "Macbeth" is a royal play, designed for a special performance at Hampton Court before King James on the occasion of the latter's visit to England in the summer of 1606. Therefore Shakespeare cleverly incorporated into "Macbeth" many of the interests which were absorbing the King in that year. This view of the drama is not new, but Mr. Paul sustains it and applies to it many features of the tragedy neglected by the earlier critics.

For example, the important part played by the witches has long been thought to be a tactful vindication of the King's youthful terrified interest in witchcraft. But Mr. Paul shows that Shakespeare's treatment of these ugly old women does not reflect James's early credulity as expressed in his "Daemonology." On the contrary, it is his later ambivalent attitude toward all the phenomena of sorcery that Shakespeare himself adopts.

The evidence which Mr. Paul adduces to establish this fact informs the most picturesque chapters of his book. He gives a detailed account of the way that the King disposed of many cases of witchcraft and demoniacal possession which he had insisted be referred to him.

After prolonged study of the most important cases of supposed demoniacal possession the King rejected that explanation of the facts and, in so doing, the views he himself had advanced in his "Daemonology." In their place he adopted the diagnosis of an enlightened physician who reported that the supposed manifestations of witchcraft were clear symptoms of hysteria. Yet James did not entirely abandon his belief in sorcery, but he did recognize that other explanations of supernatural phenomena were possible. Paul believes that in his tragedy Shakespeare leaves it doubtful whether or not the witches and ghosts are, like the air-drawn dagger, merely the product of Macbeth's disordered imagination because in thus leaving his attitude obscure he was reflecting the King's puzzled skepticism.

Macbeth's abnormal imagination—strong enough "to lead him step by step through a career of crime to his downfall"—would appeal to a dominant interest of thoughtful minds in England in 1606 and to James in particular. For during his visit to Oxford in September 1605 he had acted as moderator at a university debate on whether the imagination can produce the effects of reality.

Mr. Paul argues, in my opinion successfully, that Shakespeare's dramatization of the progressive deterioration of Macbeth's conscience is a theatric restatement of the three stages in the degradation of that faculty which the King had described in "Basilicon Doron," his "Kingly gift" of advice and admonition to his son Prince Henry. In these and many other ways Mr. Paul reveals unsuspected intellectual richness in "Macbeth." The discovery of new relationships between the play and the King's ideas also enables the author to present fresh interpretations of crucial scenes—of Act IV, Scene 1, for example—that heighten their power and their tension.

Overconfidence in the soundness of his arguments has betrayed Mr. Paul more than once into mistaking conjecture for fact, as when he attempts to tell us in just what order the poet wrote the different scenes of Macbeth and in what state of mind he approached the various phases of his composition. But usually the critic is judicial and convincing.

In spite of his very great powers of

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Science. *Scholarly gentlemen of other centuries invariably found "natural history" science's most fascinating aspect. In our own time, although science has assumed many more and wondrously fascinating faces, it is manifestations of natural history—zoology, botany, and the like—that captivate the greatest number of intelligent laymen. Small wonder, then, that of the fine popular-science books reviewed here most should be works of natural history. Two deal with that form of animal life dearest to man's heart, Homo sapiens: Abraham Myerson's "Speaking of Man" (page 19) is a wise neurologist's reflections on the foibles of mankind, and Robert C. Cook's "Human Fertility" (page 20) is a study of the threat implicit in man's urge to reproduce. Two other books deal with forms of life commonly considered lower than man: Willy Ley's engaging "Dragons in Amber" (see below) and C. H. Curran's "Insects in Your Life" (page 31).*

—*Olga Ley.*

Willy Ley—"absolutely unique."

Natural History—Ancient & Great

DRAGONS IN AMBER. By Willy Ley. New York: The Viking Press. 328 *pp.* $3.75.

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

THE NATURALIST putting this book down will be left with one minor peeve, a lot of unanswered questions, and the normal list of petty quibbles. The general reader—and this excellently written book should have many—will lay it down gently and with a feeling of excitement and wonder. Naturalist and general reader will probably share only one question—"Who chose the title?"

Willy Ley's books are of two distinct categories. One type is concerned with rockets and space flight and is based upon his profound command of engineering principles and of rockets themselves, for he was the secretary of the first German Rocket Society. The second type, represented by his previous "The Lungfish, the Dodo, and the Unicorn" and now by "Dragons in Amber," is really out of his field, but both of these books are so well-researched and well-written and so absolutely unique in modern popular scientific literature that they can only be classed as textbooks. Although they will be used as such by naturalists and writers, this statement is not intended to mean that they are anything but highly readable.

Willy Ley fills the pages of his books with a seemingly endless parade of interesting facts, including the real details of so many little items that we have "just heard about somewhere." His approach to any subject that he tackles is a model for the popularizer of scientific research. He always proceeds as if upon an expedition, so that even the pursuit of some mineralized old bone found when blasting a new sewage ditch takes on something of Alan Quartermaine's exercises in search of King Solomon's mines.

"Dragons in Amber," however, labors under a ridiculous load foisted upon it by its title. Dragons there are, though of a rather abstruse type, in the form of the extinct marine *Ichthyosaurs* of the Liassic slates, and amber there is in plenty; but the nearest thing found in the latter which could in any way be construed as having any connection with the former is a two-and-a-half-inch immature lizard, the only backboned animal ever found in amber. Surely "Dragons and Amber" would have been just as eye-catching and glamorous a title.

The book is divided into three parts that really have nothing to do with one another—except that they are all part of the great and ancient philosophy of natural history, a department of knowledge that is now so sorely neglected and has been fractionated by hosts of industrious technologists whose sole desire seems to be to measure everything. Willy Ley takes us back to the thrills of earlier days when men of learning with inquiring minds still liked to dig in the earth with their own hands, wander about inner Asia on ponies in pursuit of zoological myths, or go sailing in search of the breeding places of eels. This approach is 60 per cent accountable for the charm of the book; another 20 per cent may be added for the very human approach of the author to the very human side of science, which is so notable in the field but often so sadly lacking in laboratories. Everybody is interested in personal anecdotes about men who have made important discoveries. Such trivia may alter the whole course of history—a fact which Willy Ley fully appreciates.

The actual contents of this book cannot and should not be given away in a review; they are too multifarious and too priceless. However, that which is not included may be worth mentioning.

Mr. Ley has only scratched the surface of his three major subjects: Records in Stone (another bad title, because three out of five are not), The Last of Their Kind, and Wanderers Across the Planet. Under the first heading we hope that he will go on to tackle such items as the woolly rhinoceroses preserved in oil in Poland, microscopic fossils in chert flakes, and priceless relics preserved in acid peat bogs, hot-spring outflows, and so forth. The second heading might include many other animals and plants alive today which may be said to be living-fossils. Each has a fascinating story, and many are teetering on the brink of extinction. As for the Wanderers, Willy Ley is obviously the man to tackle the knotty, and to orthodox biologists the somewhat unpleasant, subject of other odd animals that have turned up in the wrong places, like the alleged eight-foot alligator in a New York sewer and the freshly dead brown bear in a Brooklyn ditch.

This is a finely produced volume, as far as we can determine free of any editorial lapses or typesetting slips. There are a number of statements of fact with which any naturalist will disagree, but it is, withal, an authoritative and charmingly written book.

Ivan T. Sanderson is the compiler of an anthology entitled "Animal Tales" and has produced radio and television shows about wild life.

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A Psychiatrist's Credo

SPEAKING OF MAN. By Abraham Myerson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 279 pp. $3.

By Ashley Montagu

ABRAHAM MYERSON was born November 23, 1881, and died September 3, 1948. He was one of America's most distinguished psychiatrists and neurologists. He began to write this book when he knew that the end was not far away, a year before his death. Toward the end of the book he says, "It is difficult for an old and sick man to write with full pungency of desire and satisfaction." Maybe it is difficult, but in this volume not the slightest sign of any such difficulty is to be detected. This is a brilliantly written, human, and witty book. But I can't share Mr. Knopf's enthusiasm for it when he calls it "a landmark in man's search for self-understanding."

The trouble, alas, with this book is that it has more of the phosphorescence than of the profundity of learning. It is generally charming, always humane, and unfailingly interesting. But it is also often confused, unsound, and prejudiced. It is painful to have to say this because Myerson was so obviously a good man in the best sense of that word, and this book compared to such meretricious rubbish as Du Noüy's "Human Destiny" is a beacon of light and wisdom—but only by comparison. There are many wise and warming things in Myerson's book, but he goes off the beam so often that one would be inclined to hesitate before putting it into the untutored reader's hands.

As psychiatrist and neurologist Myerson saw some 25,000 patients in the course of his professional career. Out of the fulness of this experience he gives us the benefit of his reflections on man in a series of loosely connected chapters. Myerson wrote with such force and clarity that even a platitude sounds like an epigram. His love for mankind is evident in everything he says, and he says much that is wise, much from which mankind could profit, even though he says nothing new or original. The book is entirely declarative; there isn't a single demonstrative proposition in it, for Myerson is always expressing his opinions or stating facts the way he sees or fails to see them. But as I have said, he is always interesting, and he discusses interesting problems.

Too frequently one finds statements like this: "I believe Freud was wrong in his theories of dreams, concepts of complexes, emphasis on infantile sexuality . . . and I do not see that he has helped in any significant degree to cure mental disease." As one reads one discovers that Myerson never had any but the most superficial acquaintance with psychoanalysis. Furthermore, it is quite evident that he was completely unaware of the experimental work which has in every case with which I am acquainted fully supported those psychoanalytic concepts they were designed to test. In the chapter on his own prejudices and prepossessions he pays tribute to the genius of Freud but quite clearly he doesn't understand what Freud is talking about. He does somewhat better with Jung and the insufficiently appreciated Adler.

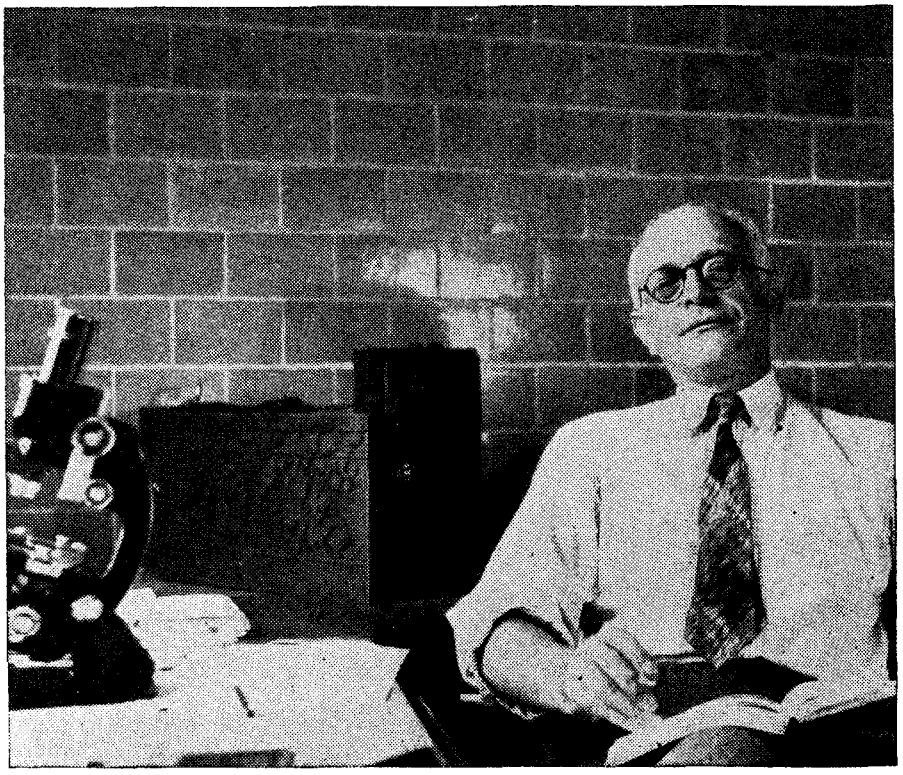
He states that he knows "most of the distinguished psychiatrists of America, and the distribution of wisdom and wise living among them is about equal to that in the general population." He falls into the solipsistic error of saying that in order to recognize and teach others how to live wisely the teacher must live wisely himself. The fact is that throughout history the wisest men have not been saints but poor sinners who learned wisdom from their own failures and errors. Psychiatrists have had the advantage of learning from their own failures and errors, at rather more close quarters than is given to other people, and also from those of others. It seems to me a particularly shallow criticism of psychiatrists to deny them a place of authority just because in so many respects they are like other men.

Myerson's defense of "Mom" is amusing, if not profound, while his discussion of social ambivalence is amusing and excellent and shows the author at his best. Here he makes some brilliantly telling points regarding the artificial and obfuscating dichotomies which we in the Western world introduce into our modes of thought and into our lives. His criticism of the non-social approach of most psychiatrists to their problems is extremely well made. In this connection the work of Fromm and Horney might have been mentioned.

In the chapter on the liabilities of language Myerson has some acute remarks on the use of words, one or two good stories, and some utter nonsense on Pithecanthropus and Cro-Magnon man. Dealing with the illusion of individuality he draws attention to the fallacy of individualism and then pulls such a boner as that "originally man was probably a herd animal, living in a large group." The implication being that he learned to live in family groups later! The discussion of heredity and environment is good as far as it goes; here, perhaps more than elsewhere, Myerson's limitations as well as his virtues are exhibited, as it were, in high relief.

In short, this is a book worth reading—but with caution.

Ashley Montagu is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University. His most recent book is "Statement on Race."



Abraham Myerson—"his love for mankind is evident."

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Not Enough of Us Die

HUMAN FERTILITY. By Robert C. Cook. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 380 pp. $4.50.

By William C. Boyd

MANY thinkers today are concerned about the danger that the human race will succeed in wiping itself out by the use of atomic weapons and other lethal devices of modern science. To the present reviewer this possibility seems still remote, although an eventual atomic war does not yet, unfortunately, appear impossible. Those who are worried about our approaching self-extinction have apparently given little thought to another crisis which will, in default of the more immediate disaster, confront the human race: the problem of there being too many of us, which is discussed in this instructive and interesting book.

The possibility, indeed the inevitability, of this second crisis was pointed out nearly two centuries ago by Thomas Robert Malthus, a thirty-two-year-old country curate, who in 1798 published "An Essay on the Principle of Population as It Affects the Future Improvement of Society, With Remarks on the Speculations of Mr. Godwin, M. Condorcet, and Other Writers."

Malthus pointed out forcefully what had been recognized only dimly by earlier writers. Population, the "passion between the sexes" being what it is, will go on increasing in geometrical ratio, doubling about once every twenty-five years, whereas the production of food for these people cannot possibly be made to increase any faster than in arithmetical ratio. If the human race is capable of doubling its numbers every twenty-five years the food resources of the world will before long be inadequate to feed it.

Robert C. Cook points out that the human population can, and in places has, doubled itself actually in less than twenty-five years. Examples of amazingly rapid population increase are to be found in Puerto Rico, in Japan since its defeat, and in Java under the Dutch. This increase has never occurred over the earth as a whole, however, because of checks in the form of wars, diseases, and famines. An optimistic nineteenth century dismissed Malthus as an alarmist and the disaster he predicted as impossible. Mr. Cook shows that much of this optimism was due to the availability of fresh fertile lands in the New World and to declines in fertility in countries such as Ireland.

The word "famine" has an ominous ring, but we tend to believe that famines happen only to very backward and ignorant people who do not understand agriculture and flood control. People who believe this would do well to read "Human Fertility." The cause of famines is overpopulation, and the cause of overpopulation is that too many people are born and not enough of them die. This may sound simple and brutal; it is. Modern science, by what Cook calls its *vital* tools, such as vaccines, sanitation, asepsis, and the antibiotics, has made it possible to prevent the death of a great many people. But it has not provided correspondingly increased means of feeding them, and the people of half the world live in perpetual hunger and misery.

The basic dilemma, according to Cook, is that most people believe without question that it is fine and noble to save a human life but wrong and unnatural to prevent an excess of human beings from being born. He says, "It cannot be too strongly stressed that this conflict between dogma and consequences is the essence of the dilemma which is the theme of this book." He points out that it is wrong to assume, as many have, that excessive birth rates are desired or officially encouraged by the Roman Catholic Church; but we are all guilty of seeing the beauty of saving life and being blind to the ugliness of creating too much of it.

What remedy is suggested? Food production must be increased by all means possible, of course. But, primarily, birth rates, especially in poor countries and areas, must be cut down. But how? The author admits that no ideal method exists at present. Wealthy populations may afford fairly effective contraceptive devices, Catholic peoples may take advantage of modern discoveries of rhythmical variations in female fertility, but many vast and still growing populations can at present do nothing. For us all the day of reckoning is foreseeable.

This book is not merely a statement of the Malthusian dilemma. It has informative chapters on genetics, including a good account of Gregor Mendel, the founder of the science, and one of the theory of evolution, with a sketch of Darwin, whose theory of natural selection grew out of reading Malthus's essay.

It is to be hoped that this provocative book will be widely read.

William C. Boyd is professor of immunochemistry in the School of Medicine of Boston University and author of "Genetics and the Races of Man."

Immortal Scientist

PAUL EHRLICH. By Martha Marquardt. New York: Henry Schuman. 252 pp. $3.50.

By Martin Gumpert

PAUL EHRLICH'S life is not unknown. His "magic bullets," dramatized in a widely shown moving picture, have become a standard phrase in our everyday speech. But this biography, written by Ehrlich's devoted secretary Martha Marquardt, is an extraordinary study of the mind of genius. It shows its almost explosive eruptions within the frail body of a German-Jewish provincial innkeeper's son, a straitened furor of revolutionary and fundamental ideas, limited in scope but boundless in consequences and transformed into realities with a tremendous energy and patience.

The direction which this life would take was determined almost at its beginning — Ehrlich's doctoral thesis was the frame for his future work: histology, the microscopic anatomy of tissues, and chemistry, with special attention to analysis of the substances of which the body is composed. These substances reject dyes or take on their coloring. The structure of the dyed cell becomes visible. Ehrlich's first work was dedicated to such study. He enlarged our knowledge of the structure and the function of blood cells. He discovered that some white blood cells react to neutral, others to basic, others again to acid dyes and that these different cells and their distribution change in different states of disease. Microscopic examination of the blood became an important diagnostic tool of medicine. But even the living tissues and fluids reacted to dyes.

Ehrlich studied the laws of immunity. He developed the concepts of active and passive immunity and worked out his "side-chain theory," which made possible the first accurate measurement of diphtheria antitoxin. Robert Koch asked the young physician to observe the first patients who were treated with tuberculin. Ehrlich's observations resulted in the first exact method for staining sputum and identifying the tuberculosis bacillus. The Prussian Government in 1890 made him head of the State Institute for Serum Research and Serum Control in Berlin, the first organization of its kind, which after a few years was transferred to Frankfurt and enlarged by adding the Georg Speyer House for Chemotherapeutical Research.

The move to Frankfurt was the turning point in Ehrlich's life. There was still his basic idea that chemical substances have specific affinities for

(*Continued on page* 30)

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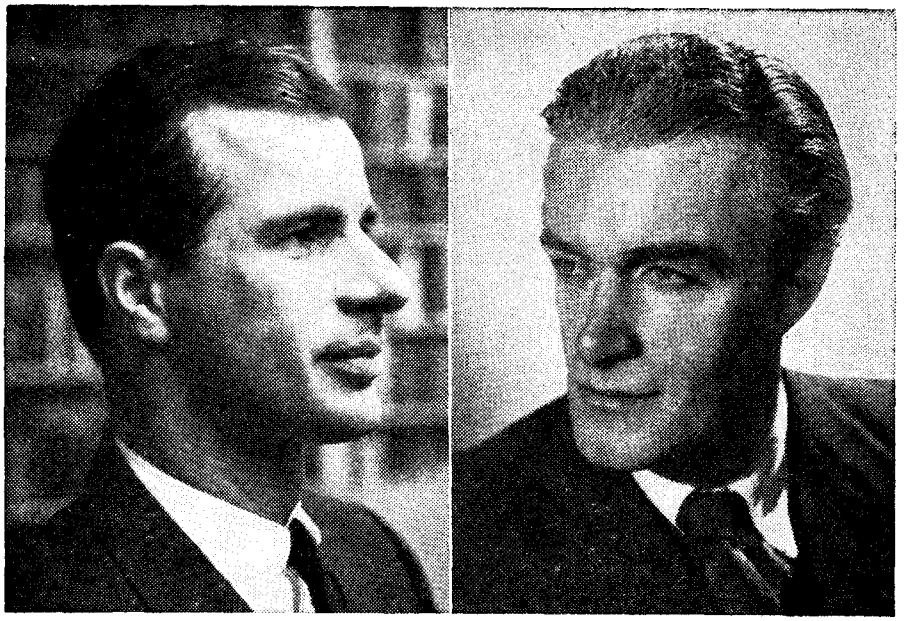

—Elliott Erwitt. —Denis de Marney.

John Hersey and Henry Gibbs—". . . fire and intensity."

The 1950 SRL Anisfield-Wolf Awards

WHEN IN 1936 Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf established an award in memory of her father, John Anisfield of Cleveland, Ohio, it was in a world still at comparative peace. Racial relations, while already menacing, had not yet assumed the fearful significance which they were in a few years to acquire. Mrs. Wolf's intention in creating her Foundation (which after the death of her husband, Eugene E. Wolf, was turned into a memorial to him as well as her father) was by focusing attention through some outstanding book on racial problems to endeavor to cast light on their solution. The award, which was offered under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, was originally to be bestowed upon a single book; as the years went on Mrs. Wolf extended her project so that two prizes of a thousand dollars each are now offered, one usually given in the social sciences, the other in creative literature, though there is no proviso making it impossible to give both in a single field.

The award committee, made up of Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University, chairman, Professor Ralph Linton of Yale University, and Amy Loveman of *SRL*, with Henry Seidel Canby of *SRL* as honorary chairman, has this year selected two volumes of widely different nature, though both eminently fulfil Mrs. Wolf's purpose of focusing public interest upon the tragedy of racial intolerance. One is fiction, the other non-fiction. Both are given fire and intensity by the unspoken indignation of their authors against discrimination and injustice, and both, despite this, are admirable in their clarity of attitude. The first is "The Wall," by John Hersey, published by Alfred A. Knopf; the second, "Twilight in South Africa," by Henry Gibbs, published by Philosophical Library.

Of "The Wall," which has been reviewed at length and frequently mentioned in *SRL*, Professor Fairchild writes: "To the countless thousands who have read John Hersey's 'The Wall' it will come as no surprise that this book has been selected to receive one of the Anisfield-Wolf prizes for 1950. The work is outstanding in many respects. The narrative form chosen—a vast compilation of diary entries and notes—is not only original and refreshing but also peculiarly well suited to portray the emotions and episodes that characterized the heroic resistance of the Jews of Warsaw against the tyranny and barbarities of the Nazi Germans. This volume deserves a place among the world's great classics as a testimonial to the devotion and endurance of the human soul when inspired by a profound ideal."

Maxwell Geismar in his review of "The Wall" in *SRL* (March 4, 1950) wrote: "It is the most complex and brilliant of John Hersey's books so far. It is the best novel I have read in 1950 and it may be the best novel of the year. . . . Its tone is almost too rational, fluid, delicate, and tender. Nevertheless, it is an urgent and remarkable novel on a grand scale and one which seizes upon our minds and hearts."

"Twilight in South Africa," by Henry Gibbs, who in 1949 traveled 14,000 miles by rail and road through that region, is a penetrating analysis of the political, social, and racial problems of the nation. Writing of the problems which South Africa presents and which Mr. Gibbs discusses with such careful knowledge Professor Linton says:

"Along with the difficulties which plague all modern countries, such as trade balance, labor troubles, and soil erosion, South Africa has distressing internal cleavages. Of a population of over eleven million only something over two million are white men. This European minority is split into two camps, the English and the Afrikaners, descendants of the Boers. Although English is the national language, Afrikaners continue to speak, write, and publish in their own tongue, Africaans. Official gatherings open with the singing of both 'God Save the King' and 'Die Stem,' the Africaans hymn.

"The Nationalist Government of Dr. Malan is predominantly Afrikaner, with a policy of strict native repression. Operating underground, but with support from influential sources, is the Broederbond, a Fascistic organization which believes that the Afrikaners, though overcome by superior force of arms, were intended by God to be the inheritors of South Africa. As the American South is still fighting the Civil War, the Boer War goes on in South Africa.

"The author warns that a country so divided would be incapable of defending itself in case of attack. In the perilous state of the world South African conditions are dangerous and alarming."

* * *

To be considered for the award for 1951 (to be presented in the spring of 1952) three copies of a book in published form should be sent to Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, New York University, Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y. —AMY LOVEMAN.

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Who Are These People?

THE GROUP of younger contemporary writers of whose life and works John W. Aldridge writes in "After the Lost Generation" had the unusual experience of imagining while they were still in college that their own generation would repeat the experiences of the writers they most admired. They had fed upon Hemingway, Wolfe, and Fitzgerald and had mixed the heady foreign wine of Gertrude Stein, Eliot, and James Joyce. Another war was in the air, and they were certain that the books they were to write would be greater than those of the lost generation they had so greatly admired. There was, Mr. Aldridge writes, "a genuine sense of inevitability and of a new energy getting set to explode." There would be again "discovery, transition, and revolt."

There is something tragic and a little pathetic in this intimation of a creative future that was to be built upon a whole group of older writers who had accepted the title which had blanketed them as "the lost generation," as if they were the blind leading the blind. It was not long after these young men had come back from the war that they realized "that somewhere along the way tomorrow had been lost. . . . Not only had the new age not arrived, but there seemed little likelihood that it was going to."

The reader may ask exactly what Mr. Aldridge means by a new age, for a new and revolutionary literature is not built upon the ruins of the disillusionment of a previous generation. It must make its own discoveries and it must by all means reject the immediate past. If it is literally true that the creative writers of the late Twenties and Thirties were indeed lost then this new "generation" of writers should have been filled with a positive fury to find themselves—through the rediscovery of a past richer in talent and in faith or through a conception of a future in which man might be freed from his oppressive weight of fear or even through a belief in the destiny of their own country.

Most of the critics surveying the new writers who appeared during or just after the war erred in believing that their imaginations and their creative efforts would be concerned with the changes brought about in their own country by a war in which we had been engaged throughout the world. It was perhaps a naïve idea, for it should have been obvious from the beginning that the newcomers were children of the Depression, that they had fed upon disillusionment, and that the writers they took as their masters had already completed a revolution, not only in ideas but in style and artistry as well. Furthermore, they had explored what Mr. Aldridge calls the problem of how to avoid direct communication, an exploration still continued by our poets. The majority of new novelists have abandoned that morass, since it is obviously difficult enough to make a living by writing lucid prose, and the small groups who admire the obliquity of Kafka, Stein, and Joyce cannot support publishers or authors.

Indeed, there seemed to be no direction in which the new writers could find an unfamiliar landscape, whether or not it was shrouded in mist. By the removal of nearly all the taboos their freedom in sexual matters was even greater than that of the past generation. But that, too, is artistically a dead end, though it may be a profitable enterprise. Some of our writers, including a few whom Mr. Aldridge honors by his lengthy dissections of their work, assumed the role of literary scavengers and armed with imagination and a forceful style explored our racial discriminations, private violence, and public corruption until there seemed to be nothing left to say about them. There was a vogue for a time for madness, and psychiatric fiction flourished. The war novel suffered a change from the narrow perspective of the single and sometimes romantic hero to the vast scale of military and naval campaigns. There can be no question of the brilliance with which the returned soldier wrote; but it is more than a little doubtful that any of their work in this field approached the artistry of Dos Passos or Hemingway.

THOUGH Mr. Aldrich in this first serious attempt to assess the new novelists obviously admires them and is able to say that many of them are better technicians than their predecessors, actually he seems to be burying them in his private graveyard. As one reads this book it becomes clear that there is not much hope for the future of these young men. To inherit a passion for revolt when the revolution is authentically declared to have come to an end must indeed be a frustrating experience for any writer. It must be equally dismal to look at the world with the conviction that there is nothing to write about that has not been already pre-empted by writers who were the idols of one's youth. There is left, of course, more complex confusion and despair and more abject surrender to defeat.

"After the Lost Generation" was written before James Jones's massive and powerful "From Here to Eternity" was published and also too early to record the abysmal failure of Norman Mailer's "Barbary Shore," though

Summer Garden: Key West

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

NEITHER the sea nor gulf have salty words
To speak across the hot and slumberous day.
Even the slow tides under the circling birds
Make small half-hearted patterns and drift away.
Within the high-walled garden dream the flowers:
The red hibiscus with its tight shut eyes,
The bougainvillea drowsing in scarlet showers
Under the copper trellis of the skies.
Above the tall poinsettias the allamanders
Drop golden heads into their emerald leaves,
And where the velvet blossoms of oleanders
Lean heavy on the air a lone bird grieves
Over a parching fountain white as lime.
The sundial's hands lie still, defying Time.

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Mailer is one of the few writers of this selected group who are "politically conscious." It is true that the mortality of the reputations of young writers who have been expected to carry on past traditions and to develop a new and revolutionary art is melancholy to contemplate; it may be likely that in five years or so a reader will pick up Aldridge's book and ask himself in wonderment, "Who are these people?"—and this is a commentary on any critic rash enough to condemn novelists who are at the beginning or only part way through their careers. The menopause of American writers comes, Mr. Aldridge announces, in their thirties, and far too many of them are thus obviously approaching their climacteric. In his final chapter he blames the loss of an audience for this disaster, the failure of literary magazines, the reluctance of established critics to take young writers to pieces, while at the same time he says that the artist has been so thoroughly dissected and atomized that he is scarcely able to practise his career.

IT WOULD seem to be common sense for the young writer to neglect the criticism of his work—and especially Mr. Aldridge's "After the Lost Generation"—if he wishes to continue writing. There is no hope for him here, or help either, unless he has the courage or the egotism to rank himself amongst the future creators announced in the author's final somewhat banal paragraph. "What we need today to give us a literature of vitality and significance is a few writers of genius. . . . They would have to be as strong as Proust and Joyce in order to survive in the midst of isolation and paralysis. They would have to be dedicated enough to withstand all our efforts to kill them, frighten them, buy them off, or send them to prison."

Since no one has yet desired to kill Capote, Buechner, Vidal, Mailer, Burns, or Shaw, nor to jail them, it is obvious that they are not of the material of which genius or martyrdom is made. Come to think of it, nobody has assassinated William Faulkner, who actually is a genius and who is oddly absent from this precocious book.

It is also precocious in its caustic criticism of the critics of contemporary novels whom he accuses of cowardice. "They have shown no inclination to take note of the fiction that is being produced around them. . . . Apparently, they are just beginning to consider it safe, at least for others, to acknowledge the existence of novels by Hemingway, Wolfe, Dos Passos, and Fitzgerald, but they obviously do not consider it safe for anyone to acknowledge the existence of Capote, Vidal, Mailer, Shaw, and other new writers." He goes on to say that as the result of this alleged timidity on the part of "our best critics" the new writers are deprived of the benefit of their advice when needing it most desperately, so that there is no authority to whom they can turn for guidance and encouragement or simply for understanding.

At this point the reader may again object; for if Mr. Aldridge on the evidence of "After the Lost Generation" is to be considered one of our best critics he has flagrantly disobeyed his injunction to others of his rank. Instead of offering them advice, guidance, and encouragement when they most needed it he has to the best of his ability attempted to destroy whatever faith they may have held in their talents or in themselves; book by book and author by author he has announced their doom and has presented so dismal a view of the receptivity of publishers and audience alike that if he was believed with the seriousness and portentousness with which he judges them there would be an end to their creative endeavors.

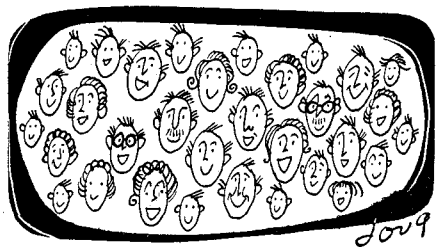
—H. S.

Work in Progress

READERS may be able to assist the following, who are looking for material pertaining to their areas of investigation:

Bernard Landis, 256 W. 70, New York 23, doing a study on German author Herman Hesse, requests biographical information or early translations of stories and poems. . . . William E. Parker, School of Librarianship, U. of California, Berkeley 4, compiling a bibliography of short stories which aid in an appreciation of history, requests information. . . . Russell E. Smith, *San Diego Union*, San Diego, Calif., for a book on the late William Marion Reedy of *Reedy's Mirror* wishes letters, clippings, memories of him and his work.

T. M. McDade, 4 Rosemere St., Rye, N. Y., seeks information about these Philadelphia publishers of pamphlets between 1850 and 1890: E. E. Barclay & Co., Charles W. Alexander, and the Old Franklin Publishing House. Subjects included Indian captivities, Civil War anecdotes, etc. . . . Vilhjalmur Stefansson is gathering biographical data on a traveler and consular agent of the 19th century: Perry McDonough Collins, born in N. Y. State about 1813, died in New York City in 1900. Information about him or his niece, Kate Collins Brown, is needed. Send answers care of LETTERS TO EDITOR, *SRL*, for forwarding to Mr. Stefansson.



Good News

► The Department of Defense has announced the awards of contracts which will provide front-line G.I.'s with a new menu. Canned ham and eggs, beef and vegetables, and spaghetti and meatballs will replace the old K-ration. The eggs will not be the powdered variety, at which G.I.'s turned up their noses during the last war, but scrambled whole eggs. The ham will be chopped.

► The U. S. National Commission for UNESCO has published a six-month-long survey of history textbooks on the treatment given to international agencies since the First World War. The inquiry indicated that adequate treatment was being given to facts about the United Nations system in almost all textbooks on national and world history used in the junior and senior high schools.

► The Fred Flemmings moved into a home in the Marin Heights district of Mill Valley, California, two years ago. At first their neighbors—as neighbors sometimes are to newcomers—were a little aloof. But the friendliness of the Flemmings soon won them over. Then recently one night the Flemmings' house caught fire, and despite a valiant effort by neighbors and the regular firemen the house and everything in it were a total loss—with no insurance. Even before the fire had died down women of the neighborhood came with gifts of clothes for Mrs. Flemming and her three children. Her husband was in Alaska at the time working with a construction company.

The Flemmings were taken into the homes of neighbors. Money was raised at a high-school dance and by a food sale conducted by the Youth Fellowship of the Methodist church. "We must do all we can to bring the Flemmings back into our community," the minister of the local Methodist church wrote to members of his congregation.

Mrs. Flemming was overwhelmed with gratitude. "I just couldn't expect such sympathy—even if I lived in an all-Negro neighborhood," she said. The Flemmings were the only Negro family in Mill Valley.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The American Churchill

SIR: In the days when I was beginning as a writer our most popular novelist was the American Winston Churchill. Today he seems to be entirely forgotten. I have never seen notice of any publication of a biography of him and I am wondering if any of your readers know of any in preparation.

Some years before his death Mr. Churchill ceased entirely to write, and having corresponded with him in the past I was interested to write him and ask why he had quit. I do not have his reply by me; it was rather cryptic, and the substance of it was that he had found some kind of mystical interest or satisfaction in life which had caused him to retire entirely from worldly contacts. I have never seen anything published about this, and it seems to me that it would be of interest to the public nowadays.

I am not contemplating the writing of such a book myself, but I am interested to know if anyone else has ever investigated this matter and whether or not Mr. Churchill's papers would be available to a biographer. It might be a good idea for anyone who replies to this letter to send it to the *SRL*, which no doubt would be glad to publish it, and I would be as well satisfied to get it by that method.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Corona, Calif.

Domestic Bookworms

SIR: David Riesman ["Bookworms and the Social Soil," *SRL* May 5] says: "Yet it is precisely on the good-sized, hard-cover books that the bookworm is nourished." Granted. But why don't the publishers put out all novels and some other types of books in paper covers *first*? This might be hard on lending libraries but I think it would increase book sales. I don't like to risk $2.50 or more on a book by an unknown author on the chance that I may or may not be nourished by this book, either temporarily or permanently. I not only don't like to, I flatly can't. I can spend $5 a year on twenty pocket books and buy four or five of these again at $2.50 (as I did with "Tales of the South Pacific") after they have proved to me to be fit for my permanent nourishment.

As it is the whole thing is reversed and I miss many good books. I see a review or an ad that makes me want to read a book. I jot the title down in a notebook and wait for it to appear in the 25¢ size. It usually doesn't, or else I have forgotten I wanted to read it by the time it does.

What was wrong with the size, the paper, and the title arrangements of the paper-covered books one used to buy in Europe? I have beside me, for instance, a book published in Paris by Calmann-Lévy. The paper is cheaper (who cares?) and the format is half an inch wider and perhaps an inch longer than our pocket books. It is easier to hold open with one hand. It is put together with thread instead of glue and won't fall to pieces if someone tries to break its back (I hate to break a book's back but I also hate books that won't open). Finally, the author's name, title, etc., are printed *across* the back of the book, not lengthwise. I wonder if the gentlemen who make pocket books have ever tried to read the titles of their little numbers when they are set twenty-five in a row on the bottom shelf of a stand in a crowded drugstore?

GRACE PFISTER.

Joseph, Ore.

SIR: David Riesman stated: "A psychologist recently wrote in his daily newspaper column that 'a child's main interest should be in doing things and not in reading about them.'" Later he writes: ". . . and if psychologists tell us that a bookworm will lack personality we will have fewer bookworms and those we have will feel on the defensive."

I have no idea who are the psychologists in question and I would doubt the validity of their conclusions. But what is worse is Riesman's jumping to the erroneous conclusion that all psychologists seem to be saying this.

Generalizations are too often made about the views of psychologists without verifying the matter beyond newspaper columns written by people and for people who perhaps prefer the simple generality to the careful conclusion. Here is a distortion of psychological opinions which gives rise to misleading notions.

IRVING SIGEL.

Northampton, Mass.

SIR: I have just completed approximately three months' work with the Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics, working as statistical interviewer on the current revision of the Consumer Price Index (formerly the Cost of Living Index). We interviewed only a statistically gathered sample of the population, and naturally each interviewer had only a small sample of the sample. I was fortunate in being given interviews in a cross section (a literal "X" of the squared-off boundaries of Phoenix) of our population. Annual incomes ran from $500 to $9,000 in my sample.

J. K. Lasser's articles had awakened my interest in book sales, so I kept a record of my own small section of the Index. I found that 5 per cent bought and read a book or more a month; 5 per cent read technical books, borrowed at work or from libraries, not in connection with formal school or college courses (all these were in professional groups); 27 per cent read one or two assorted books a year; 27 per cent plus read only the Bible. The rest bought no books and appeared not to read books at all.

Of course, the survey was interested in expenditures not habits, and I did not feel free to spend Government time conducting a wide survey of my own. We did get figures on book rentals and library fees, however, and these were counted in the percentage above.

I don't see how publishers eat, let alone prosper.

CHARMIAN LEUBA.

Phoenix, Ariz.

SIR: A bookworm-homo is a creature browsing gingerly through the ages, absorbing and assimilating time and conditions, digesting, and weaving his thread of understanding, with hopes for a useful purpose.

J. BARNETT.

Boston, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Either you make her your bride—or they declare war!"

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For the Stomach's Sake

WINES OF THE WORLD. By Peter Valaer. New York: Abelard Press. 576 pp. $6.50.

By Lawton Mackall

SENIOR scientist of the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue, with which he has been associated forty-three years, Peter Valaer may be said to have had this book in his system a long time. Few men are so widely and expertly acquainted with America's wines—their types, their grapes and other fruits, the techniques by which they are made, and the strict standards they must meet. But this acquaintance gained in the line of duty has been more by test than by taste, mere delectation being presumably outside his province. If a wine happens to possess beauty of hue, charm of aroma, and subtlety of flavor (as fine American wines well may) don't expect him to mention these epicurean extranea.

Therein lies the book's unusualness. Instead of a roster of the classic "growths" that sybarites salaam to, it offers the consumer the basic chemical facts about a popular product by the name of "wine," which comes in various forms, each with class characteristics. It tells, for example, the role that tartaric acid plays in maintaining wine's soundness versus microorganisms which would sour its disposition. It explains the action of Spanish sherry's film yeast in producing the *rancio* tang peculiar to that wine, now being successfully emulated by American sherry-makers, thanks to the exploratory work of the enologists of the University of California's Agricultural Experiment Station.

The technique of champagne manufacture is presented in much detail, both as regards the traditional fermentation in bottle and the Charmat or bulk process. And the moot question of degree of sparkle is judiciously dealt with, backed up by a table of gas pressures of representative sparkling and crackling wines of France, Italy, and the USA. The chapter on vermouths, sweet and dry, is of especial interest in view of the ever-increasing consumption of these herb-imbued wines. But to this reviewer the most valuable section of all is that dealing with berry wines, apple wines, and other fruit wines, all of them requiring the addition of sugar both before and after fermentation.

Generally speaking Mr. Valaer's discussions of foreign vinelands are less authoritative than his firsthand data on the American industry and are marred by a few outright errors of fact. Even so this book belongs beside "Grossman's Guide" and Julian Street's "Wines" on the reference shelf and offers information not to be found in either.

Lawton Mackall is restaurant editor of Gourmet *magazine and author of "Knife and Fork in New York."*

Cook Book Notes

SAUCES, FRENCH & FAMOUS. By Louis Diat. Rinehart. $2.50. The great Louis Diat, whose culinary wisdom remains unnicked by Ritz-Carlton wreckers, here goes on record against the "thick pasty consistency" of which so many American brown gravies are guilty. A sauce, says he, should coat the food it complements but should possess no heavier body than is called for by the nature and texture of the food. He cites the smooth, satiny Hollandaise that does so much for poached salmon and the crunchiness of Polonaise (melted butter, golden-brown bread crumbs) that offsets the smoothness of noodles or asparagus.

From the two basic white sauces, the three basic brown sauces, and the four basic butter sauces he progresses to their elaborations and combinations, gives the dynasties of cold sauces and game sauces, and winds up with dessert sauces. His explanations are more than mere formulae; it's as though we were looking over the master's shoulder as he stirs and combines.

SUNSET BARBECUE BOOK. Lane Publishing Co., San Francisco. $1.50. A timely revision of the insidious album that launched California's building boom in garden grills, patio ovens, and complete al fresco kitchens. Besides 275 well-reproduced photographs, more than half of them new, there are seventeen detailed construction plans, advice on portables and wheelables, and full particulars as to operation of all manner of equipment.

SUNSET BARBECUE COOK BOOK. Lane Publishing Co. $1.50. *Gift Edition,* $3. Outdoor-mooded quarto of 251 nostril-rousing recipes, plus sauces, marinades, and suggested barbecue menus—all selected from *Sunset* magazine and presented in semblance of tacked-upon knotty pine.

THE BURGER BOOK. By Louis P. De Gouy. Greenberg. $2. Slim in comparison with his imposing "Gold Cook Book," this little volume, interlarded with gleanings from gustatory history, rings 182 changes on the chopped or ground-meat theme. Recourse is had to stuffed cabbage, chop suey, shortcake, and waffles in rounding out burgermastery.

THE DERRYVALE GAME COOK BOOK. By Louis P. De Gouy. Greenberg. $5. Woods have been full of huntsmen on the spoor of this book since it came out in a limited edition in 1938. Now at last baggable, it offers evidence that the rumors of its remarkableness were not unfounded. Indeed, like pheasant, snipe, and

(*Continued on page* 48)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 416

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 416 will be found in the next issue.

MVIH GE JINMOABDH

WASI SINH LMNOBWI

OBG BIR-XOBWDIG BOUIL

ME GALIOLIL.

—KDOME.

Answer to Crypt No. 415

Even bein' gawd ain't a bed of roses.

—Marcus Cook Connelly.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

A NEW CREW AND AN OLD SPANKING

—From "Tony Draws a Horse."

Derek Bond, Anthony Lang, Anne Crawford—bellyaches and psychology.

THIS may very well point to some basic lack in my make-up, but I have never taken too kindly to "Showboat" in any of its multiform molds. For one thing, old Andy Hawks, skipper of the *Cotton Blossom*, always seemed to me a bore and a damned fool, especially as Charles Winninger used to play him on stage and screen. And for another, I never could work up the proper amount of sentimental steam over the story-line, a gob of pure *schmalz* if there ever was one. Yet I must admit that at the age of fourteen I did react strongly to songs like "Only Make Believe" and "Why Do I Love You?" In fact, I still associate the latter tune with Gertrude Kelly, a girl in my neighborhood who, tragically, was two years older than I at a time when the age difference counted most. Used to whistle the song every time I passed her on the street; she neither heard nor saw me. Well, thank the Lord, it doesn't work out that way when Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel sing the sixty-four-dollar question to each other in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's big, blowzy Technicolor version of the musical: *they* swoon right into each other's arms.

In fact, they keep diving in and out of each other's arms all through the thing. For a while matters do look gloomy for them, mainly when Gaylord Ravenal has that run of bad luck at the gaming establishments, but then the chips start coming his way again, and soon he's reunited with Magnolia Ravenal, nee Hawks, and with little Kim, a child he hadn't the faintest idea he had helped conceive. I'm not at all sure, by the way, that I approve of the moral values of this reunion, since it at least partially comes about as the result of some fancy luck with cards and dice. Mr. Breen, how come you let that one through?

Much more lugubrious, though, is the fate of pretty Julie LaVerne, a product of miscegenation in the old South. She goes from bad to worse. Her man Stephen leaves her, she hits the bottle hard, and as Ava Gardner plays her gets progressively more slack-lipped and red-eyed. The very last scene of the picture shows her crouched behind a bush on the river bank, watching the *Cotton Blossom* head toward New Orleans. The only thing left to her is that tiny, frilly pincushion that Magnolia Hawks made for her with her very own hands—and that old, rolling river, of course.

I must say, on the other hand, that Joe E. Brown is a remarkable improvement on Charles Winninger as Captain Hawks and that Agnes Moorhead is pleasant as Parthy Ann. And best of all, there are Marge and Gower Champion, who run through a gratifying number of amusing dance-and-song routines. They're fine and fresh and charming.

The lady in the seat next to me had happily wet eyes through at least a third of it. She turned apologetically to me, finally, and said: "I know it's corny, but I can't help it." Guess it's a tribute of sorts.

* * *

In "Tony Draws a Horse," a comedy the J. Arthur Rank Organization has sent us, the Tony of the title is the kind of child we might say has been "progressively" brought up. The creative side of his energies are given free rein by his mother, an otherwise highly charming woman (Anne Crawford). She happens to be a psychiatrist and is thus able to bring some of her professional insight to bear on Tony's problems. Her doctor husband (played by Cecil Parker, the Colonel of "The Colonel's Lady") also has professionally to do with children, but he looks after their bellyaches and outbreaks of measles and is inclined to neglect the psychological side of their natures.

The conflict between husband and wife comes to a head when Tony's creative energies burst out into drawings made on all available doors and wall space. The doctor would like to inhibit the boy to some extent, while his wife fears for the damage to his will power and personality should steps be taken to curb his expression. The tempest brews and does not blow over until the sad lesson is learned that what Tony has needed all along was a mighty good spanking.

Meanwhile, we get to meet some types fairly familiar in well-bred British comedy, played with remarkable zest by a seasoned group of actors, many of whom go in for some free-reined behavior themselves, inspired by Tony's individualism and the lady psychiatrist's theories. In the end, of course, they button themselves up like the good Britishers they are, but not until they and the audience have had a lot of fun. And at least one portion of the film, that involving a French café waiter in Dieppe (I didn't catch his name in the credits), set me to roaring. Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford are, naturally, superlative at this kind of thing, but I should not fail to single out Mervyn Johns and Edward Rigby, also.

* * *

I like to take it as a hopeful sign for the future of movie-making whenever I notice that an otherwise routine movie has some good directing to grace it, for the director is the one man involved in the complicated process of manufacture who is best able to shape and control what finally unwinds on the screen. Thus, it may be worth your time to see one or more of three re-

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cently released melodramas, all of which show the talent and painstakingly learned craftsmanship of the directorial hands behind them. Perhaps the most interesting of these is "The Prowler" (United Artists), an intense story about a radio-car policeman who covets a disc jockey's wife and money and polishes the poor guy off in order to get hold of both. This might have been highly unpromising material if the director, Joseph Losey, had not worked hard for realistic effects and some convincing motivation. One of Hollywood's most capable actors, Van Heflin, plays the cop on the prowl and helps a lot to keep things simmering.

"Sealed Cargo" (RKO) is an uncommonly good action story, a fanciful yarn (based on Edmund Gilligan's "The Gaunt Woman") about a dastardly Nazi U-boat plot in the Newfoundland waters. Alfred Werker, its director, has made it move along so excitingly and rapidly that you hardly have time to reflect on its lack of any real meaning. And you get some nice and moody shots of ships and sea.

Lewis Allen, the director of "Appointment with Danger" (Paramount), also likes to keep things happening, and he is aided, in this case, by Alan Ladd. The story, about a postal inspector and a pretty nun who collaborate on a murder case, is on the flimsy side even for detective stuff, but Mr. Allen knows how to put a movie together, and there is some fine photographing of the Gary, Indiana, backgrounds that frame the chase sequences. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

SRL Recommends

Go for Broke: How the Nisei's 442nd Regimental Combat Team earned its honors. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech production of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, enacted by stringless puppets. (*SRL* May 12.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers, the last in excellent, dubbed-in voice. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science-adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia. Exciting, amateur photography, with witty narration by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

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TV and Radio

SOOTHSAYING FOR THE PANIC-STRICKEN

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

THERE is panic here in the land of milk and money. Daily the local newspapers carry stories that television is about to replace the movies. The papers back in New York are saying that television is about to replace radio. When we came through Albuquerque the *Tepee Tattler* had a front-page yarn that television is about to replace the smoke signal. A Kansas City newspaper carried a story that book publishers claimed it was replacing book reading. And in Chicago the papers announced television was rapidly replacing conversation. According to the newspapers television is about to replace everything but newspapers — doubtless for the old smug reason that nobody will ever be able to wrap up the laundry in a television set.

I come now as a breath of fresh, new hope to the panic-stricken. Oh, I'll admit that when the automobile came in I was the one who stood on the curb and first coined that derisive slogan: "Get a horse." Nobody paid any attention to me then, and of course today there's no place to park. But when television came along and once again I shouted "Get a horse" I didn't expect the television people to take me so literally, and of course today we have a plethora of Hopalong Cassidies, Cisco Kids, and too many other they-went-thatta-ways. Despite all this I feel I am qualified to speak a word of comfort and hope to the picture producers, the book publishers, and all the others whose businesses seem to have fallen away due to the advent of television.

I have just completed a house-to-house canvas of the situation—a house in Hollywood where I stopped for a week with a man peculiarly named Groucho Marx and then to a house in Kansas City where I spent a few days with my mother. Even those most squeamish about polls will admit that these two represent a cross section of our country. Neither knows the other, and their interests are vastly different, Mr. Marx being concerned chiefly with leering at the fair sex, my mother occupying herself with wondering if the wall paper in the bedroom should be changed, and of course their age brackets are far apart, my mother being eighty, Mr. Marx slightly younger.

When I phoned my mother on arrival in Kansas City she said she had been listening to the radio. I asked about television. She said she didn't like it, but her grandchildren are at the set night and day. I asked to speak to one of them, and she said, "They went to the movies."

As for Mr. Marx, we were having dinner one evening with his daughter Melinda, a four-year-old schizophrenic, who is mother by day to a brood of dolls and when the evening sun goes down becomes Hopalong Cassidy, with nine guns dragging at her little frame and slowly knocking her bow-legged. In the middle of our dinner, and from left field, she suddenly arose from her chair and came to me and whispered in my ear, "Don't tell Daddy, but I like Milk 'n' Berle best on television." (Incidentally, Mr. Marx insisted on knowing what Melinda had whispered, and she gave me permission to tell him. Mr. Marx looked at her forlornly for a moment and then said, "OK, you pay your own check.")

When we got home Melinda insisted on seeing Milk 'n' Berle, and of course she saw him. I watched her watching the show and after a few questions made an astounding discovery about this hold Uncle Miltie has on the young children who have made him the Number One show in television. Here is the discovery: watching his show is a device not to have to go to bed until nine o'clock.

While in Hollywood I had the pleasure of speaking to one of Hollywood's greatest picture-makers, a man named Dore Schary. He is in charge of the movies which are made at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He is one man in Hollywood who is in no panic about television. He explains it as follows: as soon as people have paid off the last instalments on their sets, as soon as they get tired of television quality every time there is a good picture they want to see they will turn off their sets and come to the movies. He told me about a survey they have made with some of their theatre managers operating neighborhood movie houses. These managers are on speaking terms with all their patrons. A manager asks a patron where he has been the past three months. The patron candidly says he has been watching television. Two months later he comes to the movies again. Then a month later he's back. And soon he's coming once a week.

"I've been thinking—if we could just get the General to sing it. . . ."

IF THE movies can play to eighty million paid attendance a week they can do fine. And as soon as the novelty of television wears off they will be playing to that number, especially with the quality of most of the television shows being what they are today.

When that day comes the movies will come into their own again. The panic will leave and the producers will stop remaking old pictures into new pictures, as so many are doing now. But the way it is now this has become the land of remake-believe.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Music to My Ears

LONDON'S "TEURE HALLE"

LONDON.

WHATEVER the eventual returns on the 2,000,000-plus guineas which the new Royal Festival Hall has cost the London County Council, an immediate value has been yielded of no small worth as a supplement to the three usual topics of local table talk: the weather, the diet, and the high cost of cigarettes. Opinions have ranged from guarded praise to ringing denunciation: Sir Thomas Beecham has pronounced the exterior "monstrous" (he hasn't been inside yet and presently doesn't intend to); Ernest Newman has had at the scientists who contend that it is all right because it "proves out" on their instruments; and *The Times* (both daily and Sunday) has been peppered with a sequence of letters from members of the Royal College of Scientists, M.P.s, and mere music lovers. The South Bank of the Thames, where it is located, hasn't had so much attention since Waterloo Station was built over a century ago.

One entertaining aspect of the whole matter (entertaining, that is, to an outsider who is not a passionate partisan one way or the other) is the calm acceptance of a major success by the builders and the energetic controversy about some minor discrepancies. All during the time the Festival Hall was in work worried advisors stood by, listened to the trains rumbling by (both surface and underground), and plagued the designers with doubts that the building would be insulated against their noise. "Don't worry, old boy," they were told, "it's all an exact science."

When the last rivet was in place and the final bit of sound-absorbing applied a hall-full of the worried filed in, sat down, listened, and found, indeed, that it was an "exact science." The interior was as quiet as Westminster Abbey, the ears that strained for the sound of passing trains or the mere tremor of them underfoot went blissfully unrewarded. This knotty problem solved, it quickly assumed the status of something that had never existed. "How about the sound?" was the natural next question. "Acoustics?" queried the scientists. "Well, old boy, you never can tell. That's not an exact science."

To this extraneous opinion the sound at merely one experience—a BBC orchestra concert with Rafael Kubelik conducting and Solomon as piano soloist—was notably clear, open, and decisive to the ear. As presently constituted (the phrase is in order because the hall incorporates numerous sliding panels, adjustable wall-surfaces, and movable drapes by which, in a much-publicized phrase, it can be "tuned"), it tends to a tinge of dryness. But it is perhaps one-tenth the amount that New Yorkers and radio listeners elsewhere know from the old NBC studio 8H, with a definite "hang" to the sound which suggests that more liveness can be added at will.

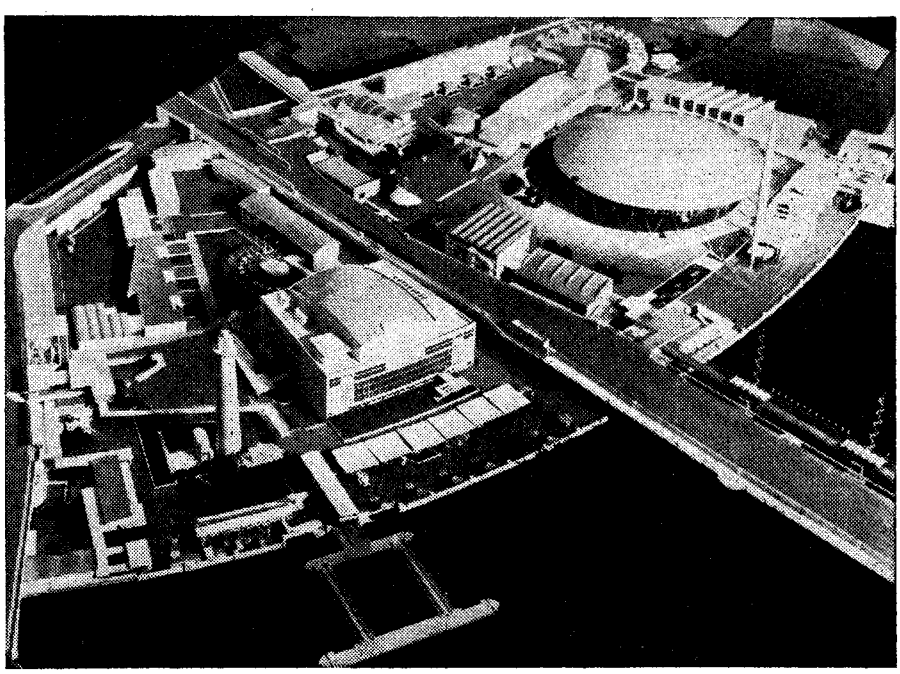
Londoners who are finding difficulty in becoming adjusted to it are, I think, affected by several conflicting considerations. The exterior is almost airplane-hangarish in its functional plan (a deliberate measure to reserve most available funds for the working area), and the interior is wholly unconventional both in plan and execution. For soundproofing purposes a series of wide, glassed-in terraces surround the interior core housing the hall, which is, in fact, suspended from the overhead structure. Wide staircases and elevators give access to the various levels of the seating space, which slopes sharply upward, stadium style, from a kind of well in which the performers are seated. There is a single balcony. On either side of the hall is staggered a series of boxes, which seem to hang, almost like open Murphy beds, from the walls. These are for sound dispersal as well as for seating.

The prevailing tint of the walls is light, with various sound-reflecting surfaces overhead and at the rear, in pastel colorings. Indirect lighting, air conditioning, and foam-rubber cushioned chairs make for further strangeness to a public long inured to the lack of such amenities.

But it is not only the public which has to make adjustments. Orchestras and soloists long accustomed to playing in the vast, echoing space of the Albert Hall (London's only major auditorium since Queen's Hall was blitzed) have had to reconsider the whole problem of performance, and none of them has appeared often enough in the new hall to take its measure.

IN ADDITION, London critics—and some of the discriminating public—are discovering that the "approximate" performances which were tolerable in the enveloping Albert Hall simply won't do in the revealing conditions that now exist. String players must blend their vibratos better, winds must attack more cleanly, brasses must guard against overblowing lest the penalties of London's short rehearsal periods become apparent to all. More particularly, conductors must get down to bedrock in their preparations, after long years of leaving a lot to "the evening."

Whether, in the old phrase, the architects of the Festival Hall "builded better than they knew" remains for the future to decide. But they have in any case achieved the odd incidental effect of compelling a revaluation of performing standards, which is a healthy service to any community. They have also built a pretty fine auditorium. —IRVING KOLODIN.



—British Information Services.

London's New Royal Festival Hall (left center)—"it's an exact science."

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SCIENCE

(*Continued from page 20*)

certain cell elements. Could this principle not be extended to therapy? Could chemical structures be developed which would not affect the human cell but would affect its enemy, the invading germ? And kill the germ without doing harm to the body? The idea of the *therapia magna sterilsans*, Paracelsus's old dream, was reborn in the spirit of Ehrlich's chemotherapy: to destroy the bacteria and cure the infection by a single therapeutic blow.

Ehrlich started to study the effect of arsenicals on syphilis. Through years of systematic alterations of molecules hundreds of arsenic substances were tested and rejected until in 1910 the 606th combination proved to be successful and was found to be efficient in animal experiments undertaken by his Japanese collaborator, Hata. The conquest of syphilis, one of man's worst scourges, was started.

Paul Ehrlich's private life was uneventful. He had to suffer some of the indignities customarily inflicted upon Jewish scientists under the Kaiser. He had enemies; he was at times stupidly attacked. But he also acquired friends, sponsors, honors, titles, the Nobel Prize, and tremendous fame and prestige. It is fascinating to realize how his weak organism, his whole existence became an appendix to his excited and adventurous brain. He would not brook any interference with the process of his thoughts.

He was completely uninterested in literature, in the arts, in politics, in food. His main sources of nourishment were mineral water and enormous quantities of strong Havana cigars. In carefree moments he was kind, considerate, tender, and generous. But his life was that of a hermit, surrounded by stacks of papers and books and thousands of cards covered with notes, almost drowned in the flood of constructive ideas and ingenious concepts restlessly streaming through his mind day and night. When World War I came he was disturbed and disconsolate. He could not overcome the viciousness that had invaded his world. His last photographs show him depressed and prematurely aged. He died in 1915, sixty-one years old.

This book, with an intelligent introduction by Sir Henry Dale, is written in the simple, moving language of affection and gives us insight into the simple, moving life of an immortal scientist.

Martin Gumpert, a New York physician, is the author of "Trailblazers of Science" and other books.

Thomas R. Henry—"passport to escape."

Southern Refrigerator

THE WHITE CONTINENT. By Thomas R. Henry. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 257 pp. $3.75.

By CHARLES LEE

IF THE world is too much with you Thomas R. Henry's informed and absorbing book about Antarctica, "the green-skyed continent," is your passport to escape. The author's qualifications attest to the fact that you will be in good hands en route: he is science editor of the *Washington Star* and the North American Newspaper Alliance, was a member of the great Navy "High Jump" expedition of 1946-47 under Admirals Byrd and Cruzen, and is intensely interested in everything about the mysterious and frozen land-mass at the bottom of the world.

It is easy today to laugh at eighteenth-century British scientist Alexander Dalrymple's prediction that Antarctica was probably the home of fifty million persons or at early nineteenth-century American scientist Jeremiah Reynolds's notion that the world was hollow and might be sailed into in the region of the South Pole. Yet it wasn't until 1894 that man ever set foot on Antarctica, and fewer than a thousand persons have done it since. The vast continent, as large as the United States and Australia combined, is still two-thirds unknown.

But what is known is known in full by Mr. Henry. He tells us that his book is not intended to be science or adventure but rather aims to let the reader "share with the explorer something of the ineffable physical, mental, and emotional experience which comes to all who cross the borders of a region that differs so notably from any other on earth." Popular science, however, is here in plenty. Adventure is less in evidence, though Mr. Henry devotes some space to the explorers themselves, particularly to Palmer (somewhat glamorized), Amundsen, Scott, Shackleton, and Byrd. The epic race to the Pole between Amundsen and Scott, so classically balanced between triumph and tragedy, is retold, but Shackleton, who very nearly beat them both and who figured in some of the wildest adventures in history, gets scanty treatment. Mr. Henry rightly notes that Byrd has distinguished himself as flyer, navigator, and geographer, but only an unscientific excess of enthusiasm could also note him as an "outstanding mystic and philosopher."

What is best about the book is the intimate way in which the author puts down the look of Antarctica. He deals with the awesome crisscrossing clutter of mountain ranges that dwarf the Alps. He deals with ice-choked seas, the ponderous flow of glaciers, frozen fantasies carved into icebergs sometimes a hundred miles in length. He observes that should the continental ice-cap melt the oceans of the world would rise high enough to put New York City under 300 feet of water. He writes of seas, seals, sea leopards, and the killer whale, most murderous beast alive. He writes of Antarctica's true aboriginals, the penguins, and of other ice-drawn birds, petrels, terns, and skuas.

He puts you into a world of shadowless milk-fog, submits you to snow "tremors," explains mirages that may make you see the sun set as often as five times in one day, and notes the local unreliability of radar, which may pick up a berg twenty-five miles distant and yet fail to register a monster bearing down on your ship in plain sight. He makes you feel a cold that averages forty degrees below the temperature of lands nearest the North Pole and demonstrates the remarkable refrigerative qualities of Antarctica in his account of how members of one of Byrd's trail parties dined on food cached thirty years before by Amundsen.

Other topics touched on include meteorology, mineralogy (no uranium has yet been discovered), politics (Hitler made a bold bid for claiming the continent), whaling (the Japanese were the first to return to its waters, by special order of General MacArthur), paleontology, war, and camera-mapping techniques. Mr. Henry has opened up a continent of delight and wonder for the armchair explorer.

Charles Lee is the editor of "Snow, Ice, and Penguins: A Cavalcade of Antartic Adventure."

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Bugs Is Bugs

INSECTS IN YOUR LIFE. By C. H. Curran. New York: Sheridan House. 316 pp. $3.50.

By MARSTON BATES

C. H. CURRAN has written a book that deals primarily with the insects that every householder is likely to encounter in the course of daily living—clothes moths, carpet beetles, termites, cockroaches, worms in salads or in cocktail olives. I should think it would be a handy book to have in the house because of its explanations of the habits of the common household pests and its suggestions about the proper ways of dealing with them. Dr. Curran has had a wide experience with the sort of insect guests liable to turn up in households in the New York area—because a local housewife faced with an insect emergency is likely to telephone the Natural History Museum about her troubles, and Dr. Curran is the final arbiter there on protocol with regard to insects at the dining table or in the bedroom. His suggestions, the fruit of this wide experience, are very practical and combine a nice consideration both for men and insects.

His real intention, however, has been to use these familiar bugs about the house as an introduction to the whole topsy-turvy insect world, with its elaborate stratagems and adjustments for foodgetting, for mate-finding, and for protection from the hazards of living, which are immense for any insect whether there are any men about or not. It seems to me that he has not quite succeeded in this larger effort, though I greatly admire his bravery in trying.

The book is loosely organized, consisting of a series of twenty chapters arranged in an apparently random fashion. It starts with general remarks on flies, which are the author's special subject of study, followed by an account of experiments he has carried out to determine how flies fly. Then come the chapters on household insects, with excursions into the yard to look at wasps and woolly-bear caterpillars. Then there is a chapter on the human bot fly, an animal that I got to know well during the years I lived in South America. Here Dr. Curran has relied more on reading than on personal experience, and it seems to me that he has been led astray in interpreting the curious egg-laying habits of the pest. This is followed by a chapter on the migrations of the monarch butterfly, by two chapters on ticks and their relation to disease, and by an account of the use of insects for human food. We are generally so preoccupied with insects eating us that it is refreshing to be reminded of the turnabout—that men also eat insects, not only accidentally but sometimes purposely and with great relish. Then come some general chapters on insect eggs, insect giants, and on insects in the life of the American Indians. The closing chapter is on that well-known insecticide DDT, which Dr. Curran views with mixed feelings.

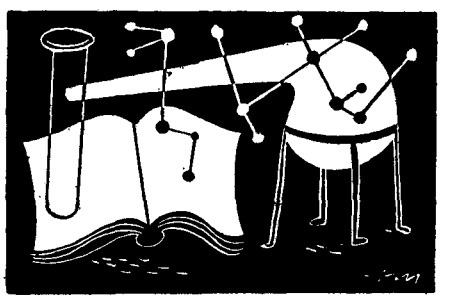
I find the writing in the book uneven. Some of it seems to me quite dull, showing too obviously the effort to "write down." It brightens in the stretches where the author describes personal experiences, and I wish he had relied more on this personal approach. From this point of view I particularly liked the chapter on woolly-bear caterpillars as weather prophets, in which Dr. Curran describes the project that he has developed with Tex O'Reilly of the *New York Herald Tribune* to test the reliability of these prophets over a period of years. The idea may not result in any great contribution to science but it illustrates a human approach to insects—not always easy to achieve.

Marston Bates, a member of the staff of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, is the author of "The Natural History of Mosquitoes" and "The Nature of Natural History."

Science Notes

IT'S YOUR ATOMIC AGE. By Lester del Rey. Abelard Press, New York. $2.25. It would seem that the demand for non-technical books about atomic energy must be satisfied by now (as a conservative guess, twenty to thirty such accounts have been published since the Alamogordo test of 1945). In keeping with the times the books of the past year or so devote a good deal of space to civilian defense. Otherwise, most of them cover roughly the same ground—the nature of the atom, nuclear furnaces, A- and H-bombs, radiation hazards, the peacetime benefits of atomic physics, and so on.

"It's Your Atomic Age" fits into the general pattern as far as subject matter is concerned but makes an extra effort to be popular in the fullest sense of the word. Lester del Rey has obviously taken great pains to describe the mechanics of atom-smashing in the simplest possible terms, without using science-made-easy clichés or rehashing familiar explanations. His colloquial, narrative style will appeal particularly to readers who get most of their information from magazines and newspapers rather than from books.



Although some scientists may consider his style "undignified," it is an effective way of reaching this largely neglected audience. The author, by the way, is a writer of science fiction, which is one reason why he refers to the ideas of his amazing-story colleagues as often as he refers to technical sources. But why in a book on atomic energy should he tell us *twice* that Murray Leinster is the pseudonym of Will F. Jenkins!

CELL AND PSYCHE. By Edmund Sinnott. University of North Carolina Press. $2. Dr. Edmund Sinnott, dean of the Yale Graduate School, has spent more than twenty years in biological research. In this book he draws on his experience to formulate an ambitious philosophy of living things in general and man in particular. This is important reading, if only because it avoids the temptation to twist facts into a preconceived pattern. Dr. Sinnott arrives at tentative conclusions after presenting concrete observations, not only his own but those of colleagues working in other laboratories.

A central and challenging problem in biology is the phenomenon of "organization." To illustrate this problem Dr. Sinnott describes research conducted at Princeton several years ago and recorded in one of the most fascinating scientific motion pictures ever made. The main characters of the film are microscopic fungi known as slime molds. In the first reel they can be seen swimming around at random and splitting in two like amoeba and other single-celled creatures. Then suddenly a spectacular change takes place. The fungi stream toward various centers "like people running to a fire" and clump together into relatively large masses.

Gradually the cells begin to assume special duties. Some become part of a sucker-disc that clings to glass walls; others line up into stalks and branches. The final result is a plantlike structure of individual living units, a kind of social system in miniature. The author believes that if such biological organization can be explained "it will determine our interpretation of purpose at every level from the growth of an embryo to the aspiration of a saint."

Dr. Sinnott comments on the mind-

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matter controversy, free will, and human values. He is not one of these who assert that science is and should be "strictly neutral" when it comes to ethical problems. In fact, he hints that someday we may use experimental animals to study values and judgments (anti-vivisectionists, take notice). This stimulating book is recommended to readers interested in modern science and philosophy.

NEW ATOMS. By Otto Hahn. Elsevier Publishing Co., New York. $1.75. During World War II scientists in the United States worked under terrific pressure to create the first atom bomb, having every reason to believe that the Nazis were making rapid progress toward a similar goal. Only after V-E Day did they hear that the supposedly close race was a walkaway, that Germany was at least five years from producing "the ultimate weapon." One of the most important reasons for this crucial technological victory is indicated in "New Atoms" by Otto Hahn, former director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Chemistry in Berlin.

Professor Hahn might have been expected to contribute significantly to the German's atomic effort. In 1938 he was the co-discoverer of uranium fission and demonstrated that atomic energy was no longer a science-fiction monopoly. His book, which is too technical for the general reader, shows quite definitely that its author was well aware of the military implications of the discovery and that he gave the possibility the silent treatment. During the war years he managed to study new artificial elements and other chemical problems of little interest to generals.

This was a form of scientific "sabotage." Einstein wrote a letter to President Roosevelt, and the Manhattan Project started soon afterwards. Professor Hahn wrote no such letter to Hitler—and his Russian counterpart wrote no such letter to Stalin. There is reason to believe that ever since Hiroshima the Soviet Union has never quite trusted its scientists. The atom bomb was as much of a surprise to the Kremlin as it was to the average American, and the commissars must have wondered why Russia failed to develop a Manhattan Project.

Their doubts suggest a possible explanation of the stepped-up Soviet drive to rid physics, genetics, and other sciences of "bourgeois capitalistic ideas." This drive may be a carefully worked-out warning to Russian investigators that they had better speak up next time. All dictatorships fear the Professor Hahns in science.

—JOHN E. PFEIFFER.

BORDERLANDS OF SCIENCE. By Albert Still. Philosophical Library. $3.75. Whether searching scientist or murmuring mystic, every one of us has had some experience that baffled his commonsense and logic and required faith in a premonition, a telepathy. Albert Still, one of the world's pioneer electrical engineers, long professor at Purdue University, points out that what is inexplicable now may well become explainable soon. We must "bear in mind that the yesterdays of our advancing years are no other than the tomorrows of our early youth."

All this has led him to a final thesis: "It is the *method* of science which from the old-time logic derived from language has evolved a new logic based on observation and experiment, and by so doing has discredited those who seek the truth by other channels. . . . Those who take the trouble to delve more deeply into this business may conclude that magic, religion, and science, these three, are merely different modes of thought." By implementing this thesis he here offers what is in effect a compact little encyclopedia, erudite and authoritative, around the borderlands of science—dowsing, levitation, telekinesis, clairvoyance, telepathy, precognition, faith healing.

From such explorations comes wisdom. The "irreligious" scientist, concludes Professor Still, develops a special kind of religion, humanism, whereby "the idea of God the father has been replaced by that of Man the brother," derived "from the biologist rather than the priest." This fosters "the ideal of universal brotherhood, recognizes the fatuity of patriotism, the fallacy of nationalism and the futility of war."

JAMES LIND: Founder of Nautical Medicine. By Louis H. Roddis, Capt., M.C., U.S.N. Henry Schuman. $3. The value of this short biography of the "real founder of modern naval medicine" depends upon the reader's wants. Information? Impression? Pleasure? The value also depends upon what he already knows about nautical history, naval history in particular, and of medicine. Whatever he acquires here is skimpy.

James Lind (1716-94) was progressively a physician's apprentice in Edinburgh, a surgeon's mate (civilian officer) in the British Navy, a private practitioner and secretary of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh, chief medical officer of a great new (in 1758) hospital for British Naval personnel at Haslar, suburb of Portsmouth, England. He performed some controlled research on the old but little-used remedy for the prevention and cure of scurvy among seamen. This was simply fresh or evaporated orange or lemon juice. Eventually he wrote a

The Tree

By Norreys Jephson O'Conor

THE VETERAN of Okinawa, jauntily manning his tractor
Up and down the building lot,
Tears out the trees of the orange grove,
Dusty, and filled with dead twigs; long neglected.

The smaller trees topple and fall;
They are borne to the woodpile,
Each forming a leafy screen in front of the tractor—
A modern warhorse caparisoned with branches.

But in the corner one tree stands rooted firmly,
Resisting mechanical onslaughts, full force of the engine;
Only the topmost branches tremble.

A chain
Is looped round the trunk; the tractor snorts,
Darting in frenzy first this way, then that.
Dust rises; the trunk is still staunchly resisting
Until, with a sound like a shot, the bole
of the stalwart is riven.
Broken, unconquered,
The forces of nature give warning
Of infinite power and patience;
To man in his cleverness merely conceding
A moment of respite.
God in his wisdom
To man in his weakness grants pity and freedom.

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treatise on the subject, and eventually the British Admiralty made anti-scorbutic fresh vegetables and citrus fruits regular parts of sea rations.

Dr. Lind also bestirred the British Admiralty to delouse and scrub down naval recruits before driving them aboard ship and to provide fairly clean quarters, clothes, and food for them. Thus began sanitation in the British Navy.

Captain Roddis's book on him is perhaps a preliminary to some full and lively picture of the man, his career and environment. In such a sequel Captain Roddis will doubtless amplify his statement that among Dr. Lind's eighteenth-century "correspondents was an early President of the United States who requested some medical opinions from him."

THE ART OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION. By W. I. B. Beveridge. Norton. $3. William Ian Beardmore Beveridge, director of the Institute of Animal Pathology and professor of that science at Cambridge University, England, after long introspection, observation, and reading concludes: "Curiosity and the love of science are the most important mental requirements for research. Perhaps the main incentive is the desire to win the esteem of one's associates, and the chief reward is the thrill of discovery."

Intuitions, which are useful but not always correct, often come after intellectual contacts with other minds, as in discussion, critical reading, or writing. Worry, interruptions, and competing interests prevent intuitions from coming to a head. Also unfavorable are mental or physical fatigue, too constant working on a problem, petty irritations, and distracting types of noises. So let wives, children, and other intimates of scientists take heed.

Noting how frequently chance has revealed an important discovery—as penicillin, X rays, current electricity, analine dyes—Mr. Beveridge urges researchers to exploit it deliberately. But to recognize a clue, interpret it, and realize its possible significance requires knowledge, freedom from fixed ideas, imagination, scientific taste, and a habit of contemplating all unexplained phenomena.

Instructive and delightful in this careful study are the clearly reproduced pictures of sixteen scientists, of the many whose work-ways are reported: Michael Faraday, Edward Jenner, Thomas Huxley, Gregor Mendel, Claude Bernard, Louis Pasteur, Charles Darwin, Paul Ehrlich, Theobald Smith, Walter B. Cannon, Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, Sir Henry Dale, Sir Alexander Fleming, Sir Howard Florey, G. S. Wilson, F. M. Burnet.

—Myron Weiss.

NEW EDITIONS

LOUIS FISCHER'S "The Soviets in World Affairs: A History of the Relations Between the Soviet Union and the Rest of the World, 1917-1929" was first published in 1930. It has now been reissued with a new introduction by the Princeton University Press (2 vols., $10), and it is today an even more important book for American readers than it appeared to be twenty-one years ago. In Mr. Fischer's documented pages we may study Soviet intentions and methods in the light of past conduct and we may also study the historical experience in which the Kremlin's attitude toward the West is deeply rooted. When these invaluable volumes were written the author's sympathies were still strongly pro-Soviet, and he was given every aid by such men as Chicherin, Litvinov, Rakovsky, Karakhan, and Radek, all of whom answered his questions freely and even permitted him to examine and copy previously secret papers. But it is easy to discount Mr. Fischer's one-time bias and concentrate on the facts.

His history begins with the maneuverings that ended in the harsh "peace" of Brest-Litovsk, which was followed by foreign intervention and civil war, and carries the extremely complicated chronicle of Russia's relations with the nations of both East and West down to the close of 1929, when, as Mr. Fischer says in his new introduction, a "de facto truce" existed between the Communistic and capitalistic worlds. It is a history that emphatically demonstrates the flexibility, resourcefulness, stamina, courage, ruthlessness, and trickery of the Soviet leaders; and it also tells us much about the past behavior of the nations that are now arming against the Soviet Union.

It is impossible to read this history without speculating on what might have been. When the Allies met to establish a lasting peace at Versailles they were haunted by the fear of Bolshevism. Two clean-cut courses were open to them. They could by a united effort of armed force destroy the Bolsheviks; or they could come to a working agreement with the Revolutionary Government, with a view, perhaps, to discovering whether or not kindness might finally prove as deadly to the Revolution as guns and tanks. Neither course was taken, because the Allies were not united. Evasions and half-measures were the order of the day. And what would have happened if one of these courses had been followed? We can guess but never know, for, as they say in Hollywood: "That's the script that wasn't shot."

As for the state of the world in which we find ourselves, I know of no single volume that can tell us more about it than can the revised edition of Erich W. Zimmermann's "World Resources and Industries" (Harper, $7.50). This "functional appraisal of the availability of agricultural and industrial materials" is a huge volume of 850 double-column pages, packed with lucid verbal information and explanations, maps, charts, diagrams, statistical tables, and photographs—all calculated to deliver to the reader or student what is promised in the title. In addition to appraising the earth's natural resources and man's productive powers in their patterns of worldwide distribution Dr. Zimmermann explains the operation, history, and, in some cases, the probable future of various industries — coal, petroleum, steel, and others—and he writes with an awareness of international tensions. For example, as regards the importance of oil to the armed forces of the Great Powers, he says: "The sources must be safely within their reach, under their control. Thus, whether the United States should count on Middle-Eastern oil in a time of war is a grave question and one that cannot be answered with complete assurance." Perhaps not—but Dr. Zimmermann's answer is, I think, obvious. It should be added that the clarity of his exposition makes it a pleasure to acquire the facts he has so skilfully marshaled.

The fourth volume of Elie Halévy's valuable "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century" is now available (Peter Smith, $6). This volume, "Victorian Years, 1841-1895," was prepared from Halévy's unfinished manuscript by Paul Vaucher, and a gap left at the historian's death has been filled by R. B. McCallum's excellent essay "From 1852 to 1895." As supplementary reading I recommend Mark Hovell's "The Chartist Movement" (Barnes & Noble, $3.25), a careful study by a brilliant scholar who died too young.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

IT'S CHEAPER IF YOU GO DUTCH

I SHALL always remember Holland because it's the only country I ever visited for the express purpose of taking a bath. It happened during the winter of 1944-1945 when the division to which I was attached bogged down on the German border north of Aachen. The only running water available ran down the basin of the Roer River just in front of us, a stream zealously guarded by the Fifty-ninth German Infantry.

To this day my family, which has remarkably clear memories of my reluctance during my early years to immerse myself with acceptable regularity in the bathtub, is disinclined to believe that I would travel to another country for a bath. It happens nonetheless to be the case that whenever we couldn't stand ourselves any longer and could secure the proper leave we were escorted over the Netherlands border by a Dutch lad who had attached himself to our outfit. He took us to the Dutch coal mines in the province of Limburg, where each of us was assigned a huge porcelain bathtub used by the miners. There were no clothes lockers, and we were directed by local custom and the mine superintendent to put our uniforms on a hook, which was then hoisted on a pulley system up to the top of a fifty-foot ceiling. Looking up we saw clothes hanging all over the rafters, each set connected to the floor below by its own guy rope.

I never did get to see any other part of Holland during the war, and it was with great interest that I flew up to Amsterdam from Frankfurt via KLM late this winter for a four-day trip through the northern Netherlands. The hotels in Amsterdam and The Hague were equipped with fine big porcelain tubs, but nowhere did I run across the clothes-on-the-ceiling system and I have had to dismiss the scheme as a peculiarity of the Limburgers or of coal miners.

Holland proved to be a good deal less expensive than I had remembered it, first because I hadn't gotten near any hotels during my bath-taking excursions and secondly because of the devaluation of the guilder, which followed the decline of the pound. A room with private bath and a Continental breakfast augmented with slabs of Gouda cheese costs about ten guilders at the Victoria Hotel, old but good. Ten guilders is less than three dollars. The best double room and bath in the place for two people *en pension*, which is to say with all meals, comes to forty-eight guilders, slightly more than six dollars a day per person. The very best hotel in town, which is probably the American, is only slightly higher, and there is a broad selection of comfortable places for a good deal less.

In spite of the hopeless double o's and the double a's in the Dutch language, not to mention the outcropping of y's in the most unexpected places, you'll probably stumble less over the language barrier in Holland than anywhere else on the Continent. The Dutch have long since come to the conclusion that the English-speaking world is dialectically unsuited for all those throat-clearing pronunciations, and it seems now that half of Holland speaks English.

There is the influence from Britain, seven steamer hours or a short air hop across the Channel, and there are also the ties with America, eighteen air hours or six sailing days across the sea. After all, when Henry Hudson sailed on April 4, 1609, it was from the Tower of Tears, still standing in Amsterdam, to make his way past what later became the Port of New York and the Hudson River. In the Government archives at The Hague there is a letter from a delegate of the Dutch West India Company which states: "Our people have purchased the island Manhattan from the Indians for the value of sixty guilders: It is 11,000 morgens in size."

MANHATTAN was bought in 1626, but six years before that the Pilgrim Fathers gathered in St. Anthony's Church in Rotterdam to pray before departing on July 22, 1620, for a newer and freer world. The church, built in 1417, is still standing.

From the Dutch village of Nykerk came the founders of Schenectady and

—Netherlands National Tourist Office.

Nearly everybody in Holland comes to bathe at Scheveningen—"a Breukelen but no Doedgers . . ."

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Albany, and Holland has a Breukelen (but no Doedgers) and also a Pentagon. In Dutch "The Pentagon" is *De Vyfhoek*, which happens to be the name of a greengrocer's in Haarlem. The Pentagon used to be called The Crowned Pentagon back when it was a bakery owned by Antonius de Mil, an ancestor of Cecil B. DeMille.

You'll find Amsterdam more of a Venice than you perhaps expected. It has fifty canals, spanned by 400 bridges, and low-domed sightseeing boats wind through them all day. Amsterdam seems to have more old houses than you're likely to find so conveniently grouped together anywhere else. They hardly grow higher than five stories, they are rarely more than three or four windows wide, and every façade is different.

In Holland there is one bicycle for every three citizens, and most roads have an auxiliary bicycle path on the side. You can also move almost anywhere in the country on the canals, and it is said that you can pole your way down to Paris. The Water Tourist Department of the ANWB, the Royal Netherlands Tourist Association at The Hague, will tell you how you can rent a boat to live on for the summer.

One can also move by car or by train, and it takes about forty minutes to buzz down to The Hague from Amsterdam. The best hotels in town, such as the des Indes, a place of great age and dignity, will charge about twelve guilders a day for bed and breakfast. One of The Hague's great attractions is the Palace of Peace, built at the suggestion of Czar Nicholas II and backed by the millions of Andrew Carnegie. It contains marble from Italy, stained glass from England, rare woods from Brazil, an iron fence from Germany, and, of course, a million and a half Carnegie dollars. It opened in August of 1913, and the next year Europe was at war.

The Hague's diplomats and nearly everybody else in Holland comes to bathe at a seaside resort called Scheveningen, which is pronounceable if you can come out with something like "suchraveningen." During the war the Dutch underground would test the identity of doubtful parties by asking them to say Scheveningen, on the premise that it takes a Dutch upbringing to gargle it correctly. The Germans just about ruined the beach by incorporating it into the West Wall defenses. Everything is cleaned up now, and the Swiss, the Belgians, the Americans, Scandinavians, and the British are back, soaking up the sun and sitting in those curious, shell-like wicker chairs that cover the top and the back of you, so popular on the beaches of the Low Countries. There are any number of pleasant bars about, but should you get bored with the international tippling the backside of Scheveningen is a fishing port and shipping center, and it is infinitely more interesting to watch the herring get un-loaded.

Five miles from The Hague will bring you to the magnificent little town of Delft, where the canals are bordered with white iron fences, retained by red-brick walls, and shaded by green lime trees. It is a fine place to shop, especially for Delft porcelain, which is made in town. The royal family's mausoleum is in Delft.

THE sensible idea for tourists is to put up at The Hague and make excursions to Delft and ten miles beyond to Rotterdam. Twenty minutes on May 14, 1940, proved to be one of the most fateful little interludes in Rotterdam's long history. Virtually undefended, the town was an open target to the German bombers that zoomed in at shoulder level, laying waste 650 acres. It was a dry and windy day, and Rotterdam lost 30,000 dwellings. About 900 people were killed. Unlike Germany, where the rubble is still scattered about like a long-festering wound, Rotterdam's damage has been swept antiseptically clean. A round, ultra-modern building called the Bouwcentrum displays materials that will prove helpful for architects, and already a few modern new buildings have risen. Rotterdam's harbor has been rebuilt from a hopeless jumble of tangled steel girders and cranes, and you can take a sightseeing trip around the wharves in one of the *spido* boats.

Inside tip to any Europe-bound traveler looking for an inexpensive place in which to collapse: make tracks for the Kasteel de Hooge Vuursche at Baarn, southeast of Amsterdam. It is a thirty-three-room former private château set in lovely formal gardens. The décor is elegant and includes a Louis XV summer room, which opens on a private park, and a low and leathery bar called Le Caveau, which has snug little booths and a pygmy-sized, kidney-shaped dance floor. All the rooms have baths, and the rates are six guilders for bed and breakfast for a single or anywhere from sixteen to twenty-two guilders for two. Lunch is five or six guilders, dinner from seven to eight and a half. In other words, the cost for two people, meals included, comes to something around thirteen dollars a day.

For the same price you are at Baarn a neighbor of Queen Juliana, who lives in a mammoth white house just down the road at Soestdijk. You are also a neighbor of the ladies of Spakenburg, who deck themselves out in a curved board that fits like an armor chestplate and a little embroi-

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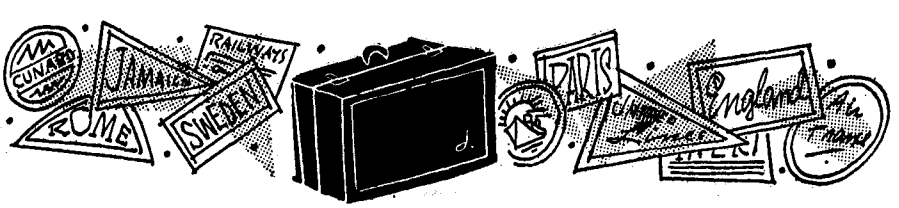
dered beanie that sits on the back of the head. Spakenburg, man and boy, is in the herring business, as one quick whiff will tell you. The Dutch are inclined to swallow their herrings raw, excepting for Spakenburg herrings, which they smoke and send over here.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

FLORENCE. By Edmond-René Labande. Translated and adapted by Janet Hamilton. McGraw-Hill. $5. A beautiful collection of pictures and text that tell the story of Italy's great museum-city. The text is pleasant and unadorned and suffers not at all from translation. It offers such fact as climate and location and a bit about Florentines themselves, but purposely it steers a course through the maze of the city's art treasures. The photographs, of which the book has a multitude, are magnificently reproduced and are not at all as static as one might suspect in a book of this kind. They have a real vitality. Intermixed are pictures of the famous doors of the San Giovanni baptistry by Ghiberti, Michelangelo's "Pietá," and reproductions of the treasures of the Uffizi and the Pitti by Da Vinci, Botticelli, Giotto, and many another. In all it is a mixture of art and travel, and for those who cherish either it is a book to own.

VIENNA TODAY. By Dorothy McGuigan. W. Frick, Vienna. A spiral-bound book published in the city to which it is a guide. It is pleasant and straightforward, and anybody contemplating any length of stay in Vienna shouldn't be in town without it. There is some harmless and enjoyable chitchat about Austrian émperors and empresses, replete with anecdotes, and there are some fine stories about landmarks such as Sacher's, which gave the world the Sacher torte still being sold here in the United States today. Sacher's also provided Robert Sherwood with a setting for "Reunion in Vienna." Mrs. McGuigan takes you through the night clubs and is frank enough to tell you when she finds one "faintly reminiscent of the burlesque circuit in Cincinnati" or one which is a "favorite in warm weather, when half of Vienna sits on the lamplit terrace and listens to a dreamy orchestra playing waltzes." No country, she says, gives you so much for so little. —H. S.



CATALYST FOR GENIUS

(*Continued from page 8*)

seldom talked shop. Occasionally he would mention some new writer he had discovered or some new book Scribner's was publishing. He would ask me briefly how my work was going, and I would answer as briefly—I hate to talk about my writing. And Max knew this and left me alone. Besides, as he told me, one of his primary editorial rules and one he impressed upon his staff was never to harry or hurry authors. They should be left to their own devices, their own rhythm, their own time-schedules, however irritating and delaying and disruptive of editorial plans these might be.

Deadlines were to him very much like St. Paul's definition of faith, "the substance of things hoped for." Of immense intuition, subtle and quick, and therefore of profound vicarious imagination, he knew not only how the author-mind worked generically but how it worked in each individual case. And he knew this because, over and beyond intuition and vicariousness, he was, as are all great editors, an author himself. In his letters he states how he came to the conclusion that he would be more useful as an editor.

Great editors—extremely rare persons—and even the run-of-the-mill good ones, unlike the average critic or columnist, are never hangers-on of literature, taking their frustration out in secondhand confusion, but are invariably writers who have turned their creative impulse into another, equally creative channel.

Every now and then, it is true, Max would break his rule and rebuke me mildly and reluctantly for not being more productive. I would admit the truth of this and feel sad. I have more than my fair share of the creative inertia. I am extremely active physically, which is bad for a writer. Finally, I am not only interested in life but in the living of it. I am a divided personality and throw ashes on my hair. But in a moment or so we would turn to happier subjects. To Tolstoy's "War and Peace," a Perkins Bible; American history; Napoleon, a favorite subject; philosophy; Winston Churchill — Max was, of course, Churchill's editor.

I don't think I ever heard him mention painting or music, although he was inherently a poet—that is, a very succinct, lucid thinker and a lover of the perfect word and of order and beauty generally. He talked like a poet, in conclusions, not premises or intervening descriptions and reasoning. All that was supposed to have been done in your mind before you opened your mouth. He was extremely implicit. The narration of processes did not interest him. He expected everyone else to be as succinct, as brief, as implicit, and as imaginative as he was. I never heard him mention the theatre or the opera either, although this could be partly written off on the score of the deafness which had bothered him for years and in the end became almost total. There was a strange, exciting purity and concentration of conversation; a depth, in a city whose intellectuals scatter their opinions like careless sowers of grain. In a town where wit is argument and careless language an affectation Max burned like a steady lamp in his love of books and honest, comely English.

SOONER or later Franklin Roosevelt would be introduced. We disagreed. But Max was never outrageous or indecent as so many were, merely deprecrating and disapproving. I never remember him denouncing anyone fiercely, even some one who had done him great harm. At the worst he would chuckle subterraneanly and say, "He's a rascal," or he would look puzzled and hurt. About the late President he did exhibit to some extent, however, the quietly irritating air of early knowledge and inside information common to Harvard men on this subject. As a Princeton man I was not impressed. I had had an earlier lesson, by way of Woodrow Wilson, as to the lack of appreciation of prophets in their own country. And yet Max greatly admired Woodrow Wilson and should have understood his fellow-Cantabrigian. He himself was a man of gallant imagination.

The income tax was also pretty sure to be mentioned. Max regarded that as the mother of all evils. Perhaps he was right. There is much to be said on both sides.

I seem to be painting the portrait of a reactionary. Nothing could be further from my intention. In every fiber of his body Max was a liberal, a believer in the dignity of the individual and the rights of man. He confided to me once that he would not drive a car in New York or any other large city lest some policeman

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"yell at him." He was a New England Jeffersonian, and his political ideal was the Town Meeting and a minimum of constables. What worried him about Government assistance was not so much the assistance as the effect upon those who received it and hence upon life generally.

As a rule we would end with women. That is where men usually begin and end. Out of one of the extraordinary silences habitual with him, silences so characteristic and individual that they deserve a special name and capital letters—"Perkins's Silences"—(and I often wondered what young and shy authors would make of them) he would say slyly and without meeting my eyes, "Don't you really think, taking everything into consideration, that women are responsible for three-fourths of the trouble in the world?" I would then defend women vigorously, tenderly, and, I think, with justice.

Max achieved a reputation for himself as a misogynist. His attitude colored the entire firm of Charles Scribner's Sons. Except for the most minor jobs he was reluctant to hire a woman however brilliant. "They are always getting married." All this was regarded by his friends as an Olympian jest, an apt revenge on the part of the Gods, for he had five daughters and no sons. He lived surrounded by women. But his friends misunderstood him—that is, the men did. The women didn't; they knew better, and he was very attractive to them, although he behaved as if totally unaware of this and gave them no leeway. He was really not a misogynist. Quite the contrary.

He was never in anything a nonbeliever or a pessimist. He believed so much in life and mankind that he broke his heart over the gap between what was possible and what was being done. Far from being a misogynist, he so admired the potentialities of women that he despised what most of them did with the talents entrusted to them. He thought that as a sex they were poor stewards, that given freedom they preferred slavery, and that entirely able to fight on equal terms with candor and intellect they fell back on easier weapons of intrigue, evasion, and sex. It was not that he hated women; he liked and admired too much the vision of what they might be. No editor had a more distinguished list of women novelists.

In this, as in so many things, he was entirely New England—uncompromising. Uncompromising, that is, in theory; actually he was tolerant and forgiving. He set a stern standard for himself; he had an active conscience, and the lack of conscience in others puzzled him.

At all events, we would sit there in the warm cosy atmosphere of Cherio's discussing everything in the world, a little pool of objectivity in a river of subjectiveness, all about us the murmur of authors trying to sell their ideas to editors and of editors trying to resist or alter those ideas. In the smoke-blue air, spiced with the smell of food, released egos flitted to and fro like invisible bats. Max never resisted any idea if he felt it should be altered or changed in detail; his suggestion was made as unobtrusively as possible, but afterwards you realized that it had been as pointed as a dirk.

We would sit late. Around half-past two Max would stand up. At the corner of Madison Avenue he would invariably buy an afternoon newspaper, glance at the headlines, and tuck it under his arm. Then we would walk down Madison Avenue. At the corner of Forty-eighth Street I would leave him unless I had some business to talk over at his office.

I can still see his figure walking slowly and thoughtfully across Madison Avenue in front of the arrested traffic and losing itself in the crowd on the other side. For a while the Will James sombrero would be visible in the distance.

There is little question that at his death in 1947 Maxwell Perkins was generally regarded as the most brilliant editor of the English-speaking world. This had been accomplished in the quietest possible way, without a trace of fanfare or self-advertisement. The publishing world awoke one day to a realization of what this shy, self-effacing man was: an extraordinary combination of intuition and judgment, of classic taste and training that, far from hampering his appreciation of what was new, heightened this appreciation but infused it with precise discrimination. He had no preconceived ideas or literary prejudices. He was entirely eclectic, as are most superior critics. A good book was a good book no matter what kind of book it was. He permitted an author the utmost liberty; all he asked was that he write with proper attention to good usage but with complete honesty and passion out of the bottom of his heart and mind.

HE BELONGED to no school but he gathered around him an informal school of many of the most brilliant writers of the time, whose only point in common was his personality. He had a way, the despair of his competitors, of reaching out into the ether and suddenly appearing with a new and brilliant author. His selection was almost infallible. And the loyalty of

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"COME FILL THE CUP"

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, submits fourteen quotations with blank spaces to be filled in with the stimulating beverages listed on the right. Allowing seven points for each correct choice, a score of fifty-six is par, seventy is very good, and eighty-four or better proves you are sober. Answers on page 44.

1. And ..... does more than Milton can
   To justify God's ways to man. ( ) Ale
2. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ..... ( ) Beer
3. Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of ..... ( ) Brandy
4. Was it a sin the Man made .....
   To drown Trouble in? ( ) Champagne
5. For then I may sit in the bar,
   And drink cold ..... and water. ( ) Cider
6. Candy is dandy but ..... is quicker. ( ) Cocktail
7. Is there a parson much bemused in ..... ( ) Claret
8. Say, boys! If you gimme just another ..... I'll be glad. ( ) Cordial
9. And we meet, with ..... and a chicken, at last. ( ) Liquor
10. Smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tippling ..... ( ) Malt
11. ..... is the liquor for boys. ( ) Punch
12. He drank whole vineyards from Rome to Naples,
    Then went to Brittany for the ..... ( ) Rum
13. The ..... is a pleasant drink,
    It's mild and harmless, I don't think. ( ) Wine
14. What harm in drinking can there be,
    Since ..... and life so well agree? ( ) Whisky

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Max Perkins (and daughter Bertha)—reluctant Pygmalion.

these men and women to Scribner's and its editor-in-chief was proverbial. In only a couple of instances was this loyalty ever perverted. He never oversold a book or a reputation—he knew that a solid reputation was a matter of time and continuity—and he never sold an author short. His generous word was better than a bond. The Scribner imprint was a hallmark, a cachet.

No editor in history has so dramatically changed the entire course of American and even British writing as Maxwell Evarts Perkins. With Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway he changed the language and technique of writing; with Thomas Wolfe and others stream-of-consciousness became a method of national description and analysis.

Knowing him so well, I have often wondered about this. I have tried to define to myself the secret of Max's immense influence, for in all my experience I have never met an editor more deliberately non-obtrusive, less interfering. Because of the Thomas Wolfe episode, which has been emphasized out of all proportion, there has grown up in certain quarters a tradition that he was hegemonical and given to chaperonage. This is completely false. Even when you asked for his advice, sometimes with anger or irritation, half the time he would merely smile, close his lips obstinately, and then tell you to go about your work. In the few instances where he broke this rule, as in the case of Wolfe, it was because he had been begged to do so and without his collaboration there would have been no author and no book. He played Pygmalion with reluctance and when he did, like most Pygmalions, he lived to regret it.

I was very close to the Wolfe incident. I first met Tom on the eve of the publication of "Look Homeward, Angel," and it was much like meeting a chorus of archangels in full jubilation. I was with Jim Boyd, who knew Tom already, and my wife; two writers who could not have been more unlike Tom both in their fine, acute, defining personalities and in their work. The meeting place was a Russian restaurant somewhere down on Second Avenue, and around half-past ten Tom came in, making his way like a behemoth between the tables. He was exhausted with joy and fulfilment, and I remember that to my amazement he ate three club sandwiches—huge, skyscraper, topheavy things—in rapid succession, remarking that he had dined at seven and "was hungry." He was very sweet. There was no getting away from Tom's unearthy sweetness and naïveté. Also, for three hours nothing was mentioned but Tom Wolfe and "Look Homeward, Angel." It is an experience to watch an elemental force eat club sandwiches with mayonnaise.

I was in New York several years later when Tom was living in Brooklyn because "it was the only place in the United States where you could be hidden and lonely." "Of Time and the River" was in process of gestation. I would meet Tom and Max around eleven o'clock at the Chatham Walk of the Hotel Chatham in Manhattan. I will not forget the languid air and the languid smells in which the street lights and the lamps of the café floated like round electric fish in the depths of a tropic ocean. Tom would come striding in like a giant who has dined well on human flesh but always a little cross and pettish with the childish crossness of a giant. Behind him would be Max, white and utterly exhausted. Max was of average height, but he looked small on those hot June nights and sparse like a dry-point etching. Every night for weeks Max and Tom had been working over in Brooklyn. Max would persuade Tom to leave five thousand words out of a new chapter. Tom would consent. Between them they would delete. The next day Tom would turn up with ten thousand new words.

Tom would leave Chatham Walk at midnight and go back to Brooklyn and write until morning. Sometimes he could not wait until Scribner's opened its doors but would cross back to New York in the dawn and sit waiting on Scribner's steps.

No better simile occurs to me to describe Max Perkins's influence than the ancient, unformulated, theory of tutorial instruction as exemplified by the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge. You are assigned a tutor. He is assumed to be a learned and pleasant man and usually is. Once a week you meet him, as a rule at teatime. He does not exhort you, he does not command you, he does not bottle-feed you. You are supposed to do your own work and to discover how work is done; in other words, you do original research. If you are lazy or a malingerer or ignorant you bore him. After a while if you have any pride at all you are ashamed to bore him and spoil a pleasant and profitable hour. And so you learn the methods and the rewards and joys of knowledge.

EVEN the most integrated personalities, however, have their hidden sides or, rather, their paradoxical elements that have gone into the making of the whole. New Englanders are queer people. They burn with a hidden incandescence unknown to those of more excitable blood. They make, depending upon the toss of the coin, excellent preachers or excellent buccaneers. There is no half-heartedness about their sinning or their sainthood. Jonathan Edwards and Ethan Allen were poured from the same jug. I am sure the Will James sombrero was an unconscious symbol. There but for the grace of God and a St. Paul's School, Concord, and Harvard education and a long line of New England ancestors and an extremely acute conscience went a rumrunner or a filibuster in South American revolutions.

He had a passion for the American frontier, its history, and personages. He was always coming to visit me in

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Wyoming but never did. He planned, however, for his grandsons Western experience as part of their American inheritance. But geographically he remained as vague about the West as are most Easterners. He told me once that Ernest Hemingway had broken his leg in "you know—that state up near the Canadian border—what was its name? Oklahoma. That was it." It happened to be Montana.

He was a very handsome man. Not in a spectacular way—you had to look close. But if you did you saw real beauty, Greek and classic. He remained amazingly young-looking. He had extraordinarily brilliant, sensitive, level eyes. I was fond of calling him a Bostonian with pointed ears; a relative of Hawthorne's Marble Faun. He would deny this vigorously but irrelevantly by saying he was a New Yorker. Quite so. His father was a Boston lawyer who had moved to New York; but it takes more than a short journey on the New York, New Haven & Hartford to exorcise New England blood.

Max had a curiously humble opinion concerning the relative unimportance of editors. He was constantly begging authors not to overvalue what he said, not to rely upon him, to stick to their own ideas. This theme runs through his letters and was paramount in his conversation.

I vehemently disagree. I can imagine a great literature without a great public but I cannot conceive of a great literature without great editing. An author in actuality is a pitiful, woebegone creature. An author has no great store of firm convictions; if he had he wouldn't be an author but a banker or something else that requires only unilateral thinking. An author is an aeolian harp whose strings need constant retuning. And he cannot do it himself because he lacks self-criticism. His legs of self-esteem are wobbly. What conceit he has, and sometimes it appears to be atrocious, is shot full of holes and constantly gnawed by the rats of midnight self-depreciation. He is easily upset and all too ready for damnation. When you have poor or mean or venal editing, as you have so much of at present, you haven't authors; you have clever trapeze artists or trained anthropoids lazily content with a plentitude of bananas. It is so easy for the talented to use their gifts cheaply when deprived of pride in their work.

By all he did and accomplished Max Perkins contradicted his own theory and emphasized the need and power and subtle radiations of greatness.

Struthers Burt is the author of "Powder River," "Philadelphia: Holy Experiment," "The Delectable Mountains," and other books.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PROFESSOR KNITS A SHROUD *Wirt Van Arsdale* (Crime Club: $2.50)	When archeology professor Apodaca drove with his publisher friends, the Carters, to their farm he found that knitting could help police unravel shooting of notorious author.	Lightly handled realism of literary and country people undermined by old European evil. Deft suspense and delightful scholar-detective.	Intelligent original
MR. DENNING DRIVES NORTH *Alec Coppel* (Dutton: $3)	Thomas Denning of Denning Aircraft Corp. gets mired when he tries to scare that smooth Latin devil, Mados, away from his impulsive daughter.	Denning's Rolls-Royce makes more sense than any of the alleged human characters. Descriptive detail loosely glued—gypsies and countryside all seem at such helter-skelter random.	A bit pretentious
EXIT FOR A DAME *Richard Ellington* (Morrow: $2.50)	Private spy Drake gets intriguing sign strolling down NY's 11th St., enters strange house, finds old lady ten days dead—and fun begins.	Greenwich Village verisimilitude, direct style in action and description, so that pornographic bookseller, hopped-up pianist, spiritualist literary gent all seem quite possible.	Excellent realistic fantasy

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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persuasion, one doubt remains to plague at least one reader of his book. If Mr. Paul is right in believing that the poet designed every important feature of "Macbeth" in such a way as to flatter King James, why, when the monarch appears as the eighth in the line of visionary royal descendants of Banquo, did Shakespeare throw away this perfect opportunity to pour judicious praise upon the most important spectator in the great hall at Hampton Court?

Oscar J. Campbell, professor of English at Columbia University, is author of "Shakespeare's Satire" and other works.

Belles-Lettres Notes

THE RUSSIAN NOVEL IN FRANCE: 1884-1914. *By F. W. J. Hemmings. Oxford.* $3.50. Mr. Hemmings uses an elaborate war metaphor to describe the relationships of the Russian novel to French literature during a thirty-year span. In 1812 the French under Napoleon set fire to Moscow, and in 1814 Russia and its allies victoriously trooped into France—obviously there was no love lost between the countries in social and academic circles. After 1870 Russia and France moved toward an alliance, an example of history's continual, promiscuous exchanges of bedfellows, and French publishers found that they had to pay no royalties to Russian authors, all of which helped to set the stage for an unprecedented literary invasion, whose main forces consisted of the novels of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, and Turgeniev.

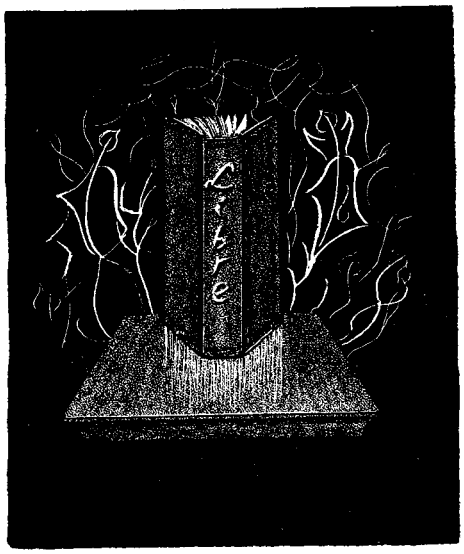
The invasion, however, and its sympathetic French critic-generals led by Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé began an "onslaught on the naturalist citadel," which was manned by Flaubert (prime target), Zola, Balzac, and Stendhal. Mass translations swamped the French market, and Mr. Hemmings, like a tactician, then describes the subsequent stages of breakthrough, consolidation, counter-attack, the disintegration of naturalism, and the effects of the Russian novels especially on Maupassant, Huysmans, Marguerite, Bourget, Rod, and Philippe. Quite well presented is the influence of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky on members of the younger generation, among whom were Proust, Rolland, and Gide.

Influences are tenuous things to write about, but when there is so great a difference between the old French generation and the new, under the impact of indisputable models, the task is much easier. Perhaps the most important contribution of Russian realism to French writing was the element of sentiment, the view that the novel was not only a clinical and brilliantly precise working-out of problems but also an exploration into psychological depths and occasional literary exhibitions of unashamed sentimentality and appeals to pity. A bibliography of French translations of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky and publications concerning them is appended. For all the value of the study, it would not have hurt in the least if Mr. Hemmings had cut the account of this campaign much shorter.

AGE OF SURREALISM. By Wallace Fowlie. Morrow. $3. Whether or not Mr. Fowlie gains any converts to the idea that surrealism belongs in importance alongside classicism and romanticism and promises to be the most vital movement of modern thought and art, the fact remains that his critical lobbying has also resulted in a scintillating study of French surrealistic aims and accomplishments.

As a movement fortified by manifestoes, acknowledged leaders, literary and artistic proofs surrealism presented especially to the public of the Twenties and Thirties a philosophic hash in which realism, spiritualism, Communism, and subjectivism were somehow harmoniously discernible. In order to demonstrate their claim to respectful attention surrealists point to a tradition of kindred souls as far back as Heraclitus of antiquity (the idea of constant flux is supposedly dialectic surrealism) and as recent as Baudelaire, who is considered to be a surrealist moralist.

Mr. Fowlie aptly describes André Breton as "surrealist pope" excommunicating those artists who violate the basic canons of the manifestoes. A surrealist must break away from rules of art, commercial or classical, he must record his subconscious states automaton-like and find that point at which the mind can reconcile or cease to find contradictions between the real and the unknown. To illustrate these theories Mr. Fowlie has chosen the following figures who are either bona fide surrealists or those guilty by thought association: Lautréamont, the temperament of surrealism; Rimbaud, the doctrine; Mallarmé, the myth; Apollinaire, the poet; Breton, the manifestoes; Cocteau, the theatre; Eluard, the doctrine on love; Picasso, the art.



Particularly good are the synopses and explications of the most important works of the figures named. There are some flashes of brilliance in their works, but most surrealist-minded writers did not have power to create more than fragments of larger intentions. They wrote at an age when they were worldly-wise too young; as post-puberty geniuses their enthusiastic and violent productions are remarkable.

GENIUS LOCI: And Other Essays. By H. W. Garrod. Oxford. $1.75. Instead of following the custom of writing an autobiography to celebrate a literary life at the "respectable, but not very interesting" age of seventy, Mr. Gerard with a spry and informal pen has turned his attention to essay topics as diverse as "Dogs," "On Sitting for One's Picture," and "On Growing Old." The author has had the distinction of holding the unique professorship of poetry at the University of Oxford, and much of the reminiscing is understandably mellow.

In the title essay seventeenth-century scholars will find a reprint of a long Philip Massinger poem, "London's Lamentable Estate, in Any Great Visitation," which is of interest not for reasons of poetic merit but for the fact that it has been previously unpublished. Amusing and informative is the essay on "The World's Worst Poet," in which Mr. Garrod asks why the "worst" poets like Tynnichus of Plato's time and Tupper of Victorian vintage passed for good poets in their day—it would seem that poetic survival is unpredictable. The casual, scholarly essay is a literary vestige of less hectic times, and Mr. Garrod displays all its old-fashioned virtues. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
AROUSE AND BEWARE *MacKinlay Kantor* (Bantam: 25¢)	Psychological study of two Yankee soldiers in flight from the Confederate prison of Belle Isle.	Its honest excitement and bitter realism prompt comparison with Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage."
THE AVON ALL-AMERICAN FICTION READER (Avon: 50¢)	A new Cain novel ("The Root of His Evil"), an old Weidman novel ("I'll Never Go There Any More"), nine short stories by Hemingway, O'Hara, Faulkner, et al.	Second-bests by the greats. A lot of reading entertainment for the money.
THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED *F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Permabooks: 35¢)	The tragic marriage of two attractive, spoiled children of wealth caught in the debauchery of the Jazz Age.	Not Fitzgerald's best novel but certainly one of the most characteristic.
BRONCHO APACHE *Paul I. Wellman* (Pocket: 25¢)	The flight of an Apache Indian from a prison train in Illinois to his native Arizona and his one-man war against white men and his own people.	A stirringly dramatic portrait of a "bad" Indian, far superior to the usual Western.
THE BURNISHED BLADE *Lawrence Schoonover* (Bantam: 35¢)	Pierre, an orphan youth trained as an armorer, prances through many an exciting and romantic adventure in fifteenth-century Paris, Byzantium, and Trebizond.	A superior historical romance, scrupulously researched, told with drama and color.
CAESAR: THE CONQUEST OF GAUL (Penguin: 50¢)	A new translation by S. A. Handford, who also contributes an introduction treating such topics as Caesar the man, the Roman Army, and politics in the first century B. C.	A must for the home library.
HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND *George Sessions Perry* (Pocket: 25¢)	The tribulations and final triumph of a poor Texan who contracts to farm sixty-eight acres of San Pedro bottom-land.	Some magnificent character studies, jaunty, robust humor, and real situations make a rich, appealing story.
JUDGMENT DAY *James T. Farrell* (Signet: 35¢)	The final volume of the Studs Lonigan trilogy, the story of a Chicago slum boy of the Depression era who failed in his aspirations to become a "big shot."	The best section of the finest work of one of the ablest spokesmen of the 1930's.
LINE ON GINGER *Robin Maugham* (Avon: 25¢)	James Merton's search for a former war buddy named Ginger, in the course of which he meets other old comrades-in-arms and finds them greatly changed.	Good dialogue and a swift-moving, well-told plot hold interest, but the denouement disappoints.
THE PASTURES OF HEAVEN *John Steinbeck* (Bantam: 25¢)	A series of little episodes in the lives of an assorted group of residents of a lovely, secluded California valley, connected by mood rather than incident.	A loose-leaf sketch-book of pathetic, sometimes tragic characters, told with good humor and delicacy. One of the best works of Steinbeck's early career.
THERE'S NO HOME (THE WINE OF ETNA) *Alexander Baron* (Signet: 25¢)	The brief encounter of a small group of British soldiers with the residents of a Sicilian village during a rest period in the 1943 fighting.	A plotless, quiet novel, honest and satisfying. One critic called it "perhaps a classic treatment of a classic situation in war."

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

FILM SOCIETY NOTES

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The St. Louis Art Film Society operated by the University College of Washington has just completed its seventh season, with an SRO sign to crown each program this year. Eugene R. Page, assistant dean of University College and associate professor of English in Washington University, has directed the film society for the past three years. Acting with the advice of a committee of five, including one member from the city art museum, one from the audio-visual division of the public schools, and three others known for their experience and interest in films, Mr. Page has firsthand knowledge of all the perils that beset the director of a film society. In August* 1949 *we published Amos Vogel's "Film Do's and Dont's," based on his work as founder and director of New York's eminently successful film society, Cinema* 16. *Here is an article about a somewhat different kind of film group whose experiences and advice should be helpful to many film-users.* —CECILE STARR.

A FILM society has been defined as "an organization devoted to the exhibition of motion pictures not otherwise widely shown." Beyond this simple definition it will generally be non-profitmaking, may include provision for study as well as exhibition, and, as in our case, may operate within a college, or museum, or other educational institution. Such a society may, indeed should, exist wherever there is an interested or potentially interested audience and where there is the leadership of a few individuals who believe that meeting such interest is an educational, artistic, or social service.

In addition to need and good intentions there are further prerequisites: a suitable auditorium, adequate equipment, qualified projection service, and effective promotion within the community. Careful attention to the prosaic business of printed tickets and programs and to the more exciting matter of film selection is equally important. Any film society director will soon enough discover that he is perforce a minor authority on a host of subjects, from sound-equipment to variations in public taste. He will have learned such diverse matters as how many feet of film are run in a minute (thirty-six), what to do when a strike paralyzes express and parcel-post shipments (arrange special delivery by bus or call nearest film library for substitute film), and how many people may be expected to lose their tickets each season, (average is 3 per cent of subscribers). He will have unearthed someone in town who can play silent-movie piano music. If he finally achieves our luck in subscriptions he may then learn to pacify those whose ticket orders arrive too late to be accepted.

In programing we find that the best procedure is to arrange an entire year's series in advance and to offer admissions by subscription only. Single admissions require ticket sales at each showing and leave income uncertain. Our latest series provided fifteen programs at two-week intervals from October to May. No single admissions have ever been sold. For an auditorium seating 485 we stop our sales at 470 or 480 to allow a small margin. One subscription is good for fifteen admissions used at the owner's discretion, the ticket being punched once per person admitted until fifteen total admissions are used up. Interestingly enough this possibility of variation in attendance for any one showing has not seriously disturbed our limited accommodations. Our system, plus the real bargain price of $3.50 for the season, helped to build such demand that two years ago our subscriptions were doubled by adding a second evening for each program. This year we sold 950 tickets for the two nights and rejected late orders of perhaps 200 more. Since film rentals are on a daily rate, with 50 per cent additional for second-day use, double showings offer tempting economy features to the film society.

Our features for the season are all booked by the preceding July. We may miss an occasional new release, but we can always show it the next year. We find that we need the early bookings to get out essential printed bulletins, advance advertising, and mailings. Our subscribers are a critical lot, and, while some may buy sight unseen, most of them want to know exactly what pictures will be shown and when.

ONE IMPORTANT question is the kind of program to be scheduled for the season. We favor a balanced program of old and new films, silent and sound, foreign and domestic, with an occasional experimental or documentary. Sequence within the series does not seem to matter very much. The "special-theme" series offers less appeal to the community in general.

In the past two years, for example, we have shown seven early American

Film Bookshelf

CHILD WELFARE FILMS. Prepared by UNESCO and WHO. Columbia University Press, New York. 213 *pp. illus.* $1. An international index of films and filmstrips on the health and welfare of children. About one-third of the book is concerned with American films.

FILMS ON ART. A UNESCO publication. Columbia University Press, New York. 72 *pp. illus.* 75c. Contains a list of art films from many countries —by no means complete or up-to-date. Articles on the recent production of art films by Paul Haesserts, Lauro Venturi, Arthur Knight, Gaston Diehl, and others make for interesting reading. Well and profusely illustrated.

THE FILM BOOK. For Business, Education, and Industry. By William H. Wilson & Kenneth B. Haas. Prentice-Hall, New York. 259 *pp. illus.* $4.65. An explanation of current practices in the production and distribution of 16mm films, mainly for advertising and public relations and other sales-getting devices.

EXPERIMENT IN THE FILM. Edited by Roger Manvell. Macmillan, New York. 285 *pp. illus.* $3. A hodgepodge of ideas and facts about the *avant garde* film in France, America, the USSR, Germany, Australia, and Britain. Published first in England in 1949. The American contributor is Lewis Jacobs.

THE BLUEBOOK OF 16mm FILMS. Educational Screen Inc., 64 East Lake St., Chicago 1, Ill. 26th annual edition. 176 *pp.* $1.50. Lists 7,200 film titles in subject groups, with briefest possible description and key reference to national distributors of each film. —C. S.

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Film Sources

Audio Film Center, 203 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.
Azteca Films (*for Spanish features*), 1775 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.
Films International of America (*for French and Italian features*), 1501 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill.
Lopert Films, 148 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.
Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 W. 53rd St., New York 19, N. Y.
Swank Motion Pictures, 614 N. Skinker Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
Times Film Corporation, 155 W. 49th St., New York 19, N. Y.
United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N. Y.

features, six more recent American, one documentary, seven British, and nine foreign-language films. Among the early Americans such personalities as Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd, and Fields are already in hallowed movie tradition, along with Valentino, Theda Bara, Lon Chaney, Bill Hart, the Gish sisters, and inevitably Mary Pickford.

There is no accounting for public taste. We were praised and almost equally condemned for our choices of Robert Flaherty's "Man of Aran," the German "Murderers Among Us," Eisenstein's partially completed "Thunder Over Mexico," and Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes." Von Stroheim's "Greed" (starring Zazu Pitts) and De Mille's "Male and Female" (starring Gloria Swanson) were great successes, though probably for reasons incidental to their real worth. Our heaviest advance interest was for the British-American war documentary "The True Glory" and "Four Chaplin Comedies."

Film Society audiences are more varied than one might imagine. A balanced program for the season will mean more variation as well as more subscribers. Even a limited audience will include many distinguishable types. First there are the technical experts who make their living in some phase of film work; then the "anti-Hollywood" faction, convinced that all foreign films are per se better than anything American; the experimentalists who like entertainment that is different; the sentimentalists with their nostalgic memories of old movies seen and enjoyed; the adult moviegoer, hopeful of a good movie at a moderate price but somewhat leery of anything that seems too highbrow; and finally the real movie "fans," who have definite enthusiasms but open minds and who are glad to see old favorites and to find new ones.

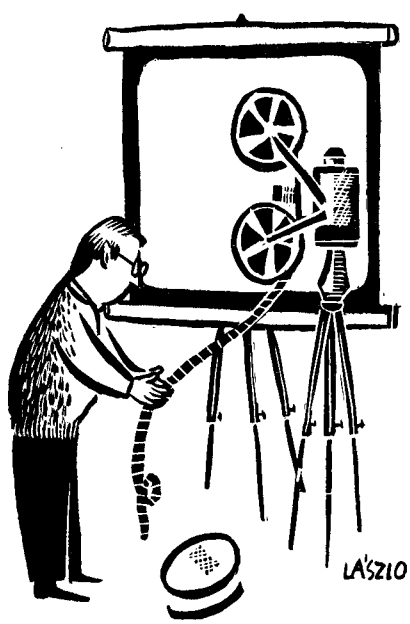
There are enough worthwhile films on 16mm. to please such a variety of people. Selection is partly determined by local commercial theatre practices in the showing of revivals, art films, etc. It would seem unnecessary to duplicate films shown in theatres.

The Museum of Modern Art Film Library and Brandon Films have the largest 16mm. libraries, but there are many others. Brandon's 1950 catalogue is a godsend to the new film society director, for it includes an excellent handbook outlining film society organization, programing, booking, projection, publicity, and promotion.

A good program also requires attention to short subjects, an area in which commercial theatres are especially lax. Feature films which run more than a hundred minutes will occupy a two-hour program quite well by themselves, leaving a little time for introductory remarks and/or intermission. With shorter features there is an opportunity to show a documentary or an experimental; we find that they need not have any special relationship in subject matter. Early one-reel comedies and newsreels are generally enjoyed. An ideal short for the film society's first program is the March of Time's "March of the Movies" (*SRL* Aug. 20, 1949).

Ultimately the success of the film society depends on the director. Finding the right films, getting community interest and support, putting on a well-organized show—these are his responsibilities. Like all hard work, if you enjoy doing it it isn't work at all—it's great fun.

—EUGENE R. PAGE.



FICTION

(*Continued from page 12*)

tales would have made me chuckle out loud—they did, in fact. Now I watch the Bingos and the Oofies and the Conkies with a feeling that I am looking at a set of British Currier and Ives prints. All the characters have been frozen in the attitudes of a vanished world.

Lest this sound downright churlish, let me add hastily that "Nothing Serious" is Wodehouse doing business at his old stand. The stories present old friends getting themselves in and out of characteristic complications. They still sip their martinis, yip their monosyllables, and quip with lines like "What ho, Bingo," "What ho, Oofy," etc. For those who still feel the old magic here is more of the same. —JOHN BARKHAM.

UNCLE JULIUS AND THE ANGEL WITH HEARTBURN. By Ethel Rosenberg. Simon & Schuster. Cloth, $3. *Paper,* $1. Uncle Julius had never learned to say "no" to marinated herring with onion, although bad nights follow. Padding gloomily into the dark kitchen for some bicarbonate Uncle Julius was surprised to find an angel seated at the table, suffering like himself from heartburn. The two old men talk, over their soda-and-water, and the angel suggests to Uncle Julius that he will let him live again in dreams some of the best days in his long and happy life.

As Uncle Julius's reverie takes him back over the years we meet Frieda, his wife and a fabulous cook; Mrs. Rivkin, his sister, who lives in the next flat; Susie, his orphan niece, whom the Pasternaks have brought up (such a sweet girl, she talks so pleasant to you you'd never know she went to college); Morris Bonzelman, who lives downstairs; Julius's brother Max, who lives upstate at Kramer's Corners, runs a fish and meat market, and is run by a most entertaining cat and two large, somewhat less comforting spinster daughters. Wherever Uncle Julius's memory moves over his past his warm, dry, and kindly philosophy colors the report. He sees a great deal and is not easily fooled, but he is kind, wise, and tolerant, a philosopher with a gift of devastating comment. Like most men, he enjoys his own whimsical pretense of being henpecked, but actually, having devoted a lifetime to the quiet building of his own defenses, he manages now to do pretty much as he likes, and he is quietly happy.

Expeditions to a family wedding, matchmaking activities of his wife

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and sister, the meeting of relatives just landing from Europe, his children's infancy, Frieda's first struggles with cooking, summer vacations at Pankas, that friendly and admirable country hotel—these are some of the episodes which Uncle Julius brings to mind with special amusement. With them a large circle of Pasternak family and acquaintances come into brief but telling focus. Highly characteristic speech, reported with its full flavor but not caricatured, gives another memorable dimension to an affectionate family portrait which is richly funny but which never overplays its humor. —PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE HOSPITAL. By Frederick Boyden. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. The readjustment to civilian life of the soldier returned from World War II concerned many of our younger writers in recent years. In his first novel Frederick Boyden—a late arrival on the field—has concentrated on a special and tragic aspect of that problem, the plight of the disabled or badly maimed.

Walter, Ray, and Karl had all been pilots in World War II. In explosive air accidents their faces had been hideously disfigured. Now—the year is 1946—they are in an Army hospital outside Philadelphia, undergoing the endless and painful plastic surgery operations which will restore their faces and permit them to face the world. But this is only one aspect of their problem. Like their more fortunate brothers, they must also consider what they are going to do when they do get out: what about love and work? What about those larger and more general questions — peace and politics?

Dividing his attention between the twin developments, the reconstruction of their bodies and the reorientation of their lives, Mr. Boyden has produced a warm and moving novel. His hospital detail has a quiet authenticity, and, though he shirks no unpleasantness here, his matter-of-fact handling gives dignity to his material. His characters are well drawn, average, believable men, with whose problems every man can identify. His style is a little to unemphatic and pedestrian, and he has a weakness for the expository statement in place of the dramatic revelation. But this minor flaw cannot obscure the straightforward honesty with which he has examined the situation of average men returned from the destruction of war to the problems of peace.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE INNOCENT EVE. By Robert Nathan. Knopf. $2.50. Believing, from a survey of recent world activities, the time obviously come for supreme attack in his long warfare via mankind against God, Lucifer himself arrives in New York, accompanied by a female demon, Samantha, posing as his secretary. They check into Hotel Pierre, where "since the U.N. was in session at the time no particular notice was taken" of them, and go on to a Halloween party at the house of Martin Clough, a wealthy builder.

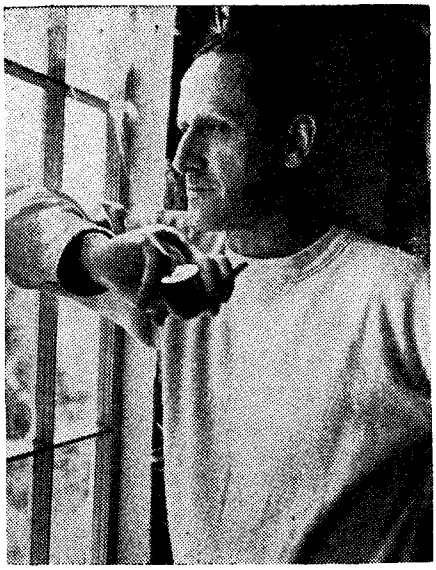
Here Lucifer is taken to be the delegate from Tartarus, which the bishop (another guest) decides is "quite possibly a Republic or several Republics within the Soviet Union." In this capacity Lucifer meets Senator McCullough, from whom he intends to get the atomic bomb, it being in the Senator's power and his nature to make any kind of deal in return for "the best the people have to give"—he is dreaming of the Presidency.

This is the shell of fantasy into which Mr. Nathan sprays his brittle magic. The impact of the book and its extreme readability lie in what happens to an assorted handful of characters meeting Lucifer and Samantha. There are Mrs. Clough's unexpected vision of the bishop "buried like a sweet potato in the coals of a bonfire, slowly turning black," Mr. Sutro's inability to be tempted, Miss Morrison's desire for brutality, Mr. Pennick's dilemma, the finality of Mr. Kinney's fate, and equally significant encounters. It is disconcerting and salutory to recognize ourselves among the guests at Mr. Clough's party.

Lucifer is still half in love with Eve and the innocence he worked so hard to destroy. Samantha, as befits a female, has no weakness of this particular kind. Like most of Mr. Nathan's allegories, "The Innocent Eve" says more than meets the eye at first perusal, as he tosses and turns over the assorted heap of humanity's preoccupations, dreams, hopes, despairs, and disapprovals on his poet's two-pronged fork of pitying wit.

—EVELYN EATON.

THE CENTER OF THE WORLD. By Richard L. Tobin. Dutton. $3. Until the end of World War I America was a debtor nation and her citizens were a pioneer people, living in towns and on farms, pushing at geographical as well as technological frontiers. When the change came in the Twenties—the change to a creditor nation and to an urban people—it was dramatic and noisy; the *nouveaux riches* had automobiles and radios and prewar liquor,



—*Pix.*

Robert Nathan—"more than meets the eye."

and there was so much of everything that before long everyone was *nouveau riche* and had a Ford, a table radio, and a bootlegger. The older generation never quite became accustomed to the revolution, and, although the farms held out and survived, many of the small towns became little more than shabby reflections of the more populated centers, distant slums of the great cities.

One of them was Clearwater, Michigan, a settlement of some seven thousand souls. Richard L. Tobin has narrated the metamorphosis of Clearwater in a tender, quiet novel whose mood is like spring rain, half mournful, half remembering, but remorselessly insistent on the change that must come. His spokesman is David Fawcett, a young doctor native to the town, son of a doctor whose ancestral Fawcetts founded the town with the Tucks. When young David took up his father's practice Miss Prudence Tuck, who lived next door, was over ninety; but Miss Tuck lived on to witness with David and David's wife, Jennie, the disintegration of the town's individuality and its absorption by the new, national pattern of society.

Mr. Tobin writes in the old, traditional, heliocentric style; his plot is the sun of the universe he creates, and his characters circle around it, through the environment of the town. His craftsmanship is unpretentiously good, his architecture only at times uncertain, and his understanding consistently deep and sure. He knows his place and his people and he knows what he wants to say about the things that happened to the place and the people in the years of the Stutz Bearcat and the Franklin air-cooled engine. If he says other things as well he will be a novelist important to our scene. —THOMAS SUGRUE.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Malt. 2. Ale. 3. Rum. 4. Wine. 5. Brandy. 6. Liquor. 7. Beer. 8. Whisky. 9. Champagne. 10. Cordial. 11. Claret. 12. Cider. 13. Cocktail. 14. Punch.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

PIANO—MOZART

Piano Concerto
MOZART: CONCERTOS #19 IN F, K.459; #20 IN D, K.466. Clara Haskil; Winterthur Sym. Orch., Swoboda.
Westminster LP: WL 5054

▶ I'll go overboard here—the combination of ultra-clear-perspectived recording, an "inside" but natural sounding close-up of orchestra, plus leisurely, unaffected, yet careful approach to the music itself, gives Mozart a maximum chance to achieve his own tremendous dignity in his own terms. Particularly in the slow-paced D minor, so familiar in tense, overdriven playings elsewhere.

MOZART: CONCERTO #26 IN D, K.537 ("Coronation"). Conrad Hansen; German Opera House Orch., Rother.
Capitol LP: P-8109

▶ One of those bafflingly insufficient performances—expressive, reverently rehearsed, carefully played, yet somehow pointing up the wrong things, missing the real meat. A hint of the precious. The old recording (Telefunken) is good, though piano flutters some, orchestra is a bit distant. Crackles.

MOZART: CONCERTO #12 IN A, K.414. Margaret Knittel; Bavarian Radio Orch., Albert.

MOZART: TWO-PIANO CONCERTO IN E FLAT, K.365. H. Schroeter, H. Altmann; Bav. Radio Orch.
Mercury LP: MG 10007

▶ Knittel's A major is Beethovenian, broadly shaped; not bad, though often hard in tone—perhaps due to recording. The two-piano work is indifferently played, the pianos hard and ugly in tone; again hard to guess how much is recording's fault. Neither is good piano recording. Considerable tape flutter, shrill string highs (on wide-range machine) must also be sadly noted as liabilities.

MOZART: CONCERTO #27 IN B FLAT, K.595. Andor Foldes; Pro Musica Orch., A. Goldschmidt.

MOZART: TEN VARS. ON GLUCK THEME, K.455. A. Foldes.
Vox Polydor LP: PL 6810

▶ Too-dry acoustics, somewhat dry pianism, and a quite metronomic tempo still don't spoil a workmanlike reading of this extraordinary concerto—the last—quite unlike any other of Mozart's. It abounds in rich harmonic colorings, virtually "quotes" the G mi. and "Jupiter" symphonies yet unlike them, is relaxed, resigned. Some Weber-Beethoven harmonic sequences will make Mozart knowers jump from their chairs. "Variations" are outward, unusually showy. Good piano throughout.

Two pianists
MOZART: SONATAS FOR PIANO, FOUR HANDS, K.358, 381, 357. Jeorg Demus, Paul Badura-Skoda.
Westminster LP: WL 5060

▶ Excellent, steady piano recording, on the quiet-colored side with good bass. The somewhat undelicate treble sound is, I'd guess, in the pianos themselves, probably the un-Steinway European type. This recording manages to achieve a close-to effect without undue percussion. Quite a feat.

▶ The four-hand music is most welcome on records—best way to have it aside from home performance. (On the concert stage it is a physical absurdity!) This team's four-hand Mozart is a rare experience, modest, beautifully phrased, perfectly coordinated and entirely musical. Strange — the two-piano sonata, a more outward, showy work, is not quite as good; same care and musicianship but it lacks the brilliance and bravura inherent in the music. The Iturbis' version has all the brilliance, not much else; a good-humored, noisy, and superficial performance. Chabrier comes off a lot better.

MOZART: TWO-PIANO SONATA IN D, K.448; J. C. BACH: SONATA IN G.

MOZART: "ANDANTE CON VAR." (FOUR HANDS), K.501. Demus, Badura-Skoda.
Westminster LP: WL 5069

MOZART: TWO-PIANO SONATA IN D, K.448. CHABRIER: "THREE ROMANTIC WALTZES." Amparo and José Iturbi.
RCA Victor LP: LM 1135

▶ Much more brilliant, further away, thinner, with weak bass. Not a bad sound when the ear gets adjusted to it. Maximum bass boost helps.

Stein fortepiano
MOZART: SONATA IN C, K.309; ASSORTED SINGLE MOVEMENTS. Erwin Bodky playing authentic Stein piano.
Allegro LP: alg 3012

▶ An actual piano of Mozart's day, well enough preserved so we can get a good idea of its original sound. Upper range is lovely, like 8-ft. harpsichord stop, *staccato* sounds like lute stop. Bass is thin, tends to jangle. Unfortunately, Bodky's playing is inelegant and clumsy, if forthright. The recording is made too close I'd say, emphasizing the mechanics. Well worth study.

Piano Trio
MOZART: PIANO TRIOS; K.502 IN B FLAT, K.542 IN E. Boston Trio (Posselt, Mayes, Bogin).
Allegro LP: alg 3014

▶ Better than it sounds at first—the performance is good, Posselt's violin especially. But the recording is skimped, "apartment" style, the sound thinnish, the piano off-mike in background, the whole lacking proper roundness. (See also Period's recording of these and four others.)

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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BOOKS FOR VACATION READING

THERE are so many books this spring that will be "just right" for vacation reading that it would take many printed pages to recommend them all. We present here some excellent stories for both boys and girls, one or two picture books, and a group of books about cowboys—from a picture book to Harold Felton's fine collection of cowboy songs.

In the July number we plan to list some of the important new reprints and new editions of books that will always be important to boys and girls.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

CENTERBURG TALES. By Robert McCloskey. New York: The Viking Press. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

The hundreds of boys and girls who know and admire Homer Price have only to look at the first drawing in this book to be assured that he is with us again. Several of the exciting events in it are told by Grandpa Hercules, who was more or less of an institution in Centerburg. It must have been from Grandpa Hercules that Homer got some of his own ideas. The incident of the Gravitty-Bitties and the strange affair in the public library when the juke-box set some of the prominent citizens of Centerburg to dancing are as hilarious as the doughnut machine in Homer's first book. The drawings are just as funny and just as dramatic, and there are a generous number of them. We can only hope that many, many boys and girls will have this book to take with them on their vacation.

DOLLAR FOR LUCK. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrations by George and Dora Hauman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 154 pp. $2.25.

This reviewer happens to know a good deal about the part of Maine that is the setting for this story. Miss Coatsworth has made it remarkably vivid: the atmosphere and background, the people, and their crisp, decided speech. The "dollar for luck" was a silver dollar minted in 1872 that Cliff Trask nailed to the mast of his "store-boat," the *E Pluribus Unum.* All summer he and his wife, Bella, sailed along the New England coast, selling their stock at the little towns and villages bordering the sea. Emily, the girl from the orphanage in Portland who helped Bella, did not like living on the sea. She longed to live on land in a real house with a garden. Ken, the hero of this delightful story, wanted to live on the sea. So Ken's mother agreed to take Emily for the summer, and Ken sailed away on the *E Pluribus Unum* with Cliff and Bella. He had rather a bad time when the little "pea-pod" that he was fishing in was separated from the *E Pluribus Unum* in the fog and he had to spend a night on an island. But nothing really bothered Ken as long as he was on the sea. These are lovable people whom Miss Coatsworth has drawn; Ken and his father and mother, his two brothers and Emily, Cliff, and Bella. The description of the coast and the islands, of cod and lobster and blueberries will make New Englanders ache with longing for the scent of pine and bayberry and the salty smell of seaweed at low tide.

—By Wesley Dennis, from "Summerfield Farm."

SUMMERFIELD FARM. By Mary Martin Black. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 143 *pp.* $2.50.

Wesley Dennis has made some especially beautiful drawings for these stories that Granny told her children and *their* children about the denizens of Summerfield Farm. Gazing at these pictures of the hens and the pigs, the colts and the lambs one feels that Mr. Dennis knew each one intimately and can give each one a personality. Granny had a well-developed sense of humor. The story of the two pigs, Arabella and Araminta, is sure to bring delighted chuckles from the children. Summerfield Farm was a happy place where Granny and "Faddy" were careful to see that everyone from the littlest chick to the farmer himself were content. Granny sometimes broke the rules, but she did it always to help an animal or a bird in trouble. No wonder when the question came of choosing between the farm and "new clothes and cars and money to spend" the children and grandchildren voted unanimously to keep Summerfield Farm. Each one of Granny's stories is complete in itself, but they belong in this book with Wesley Dennis's drawings.

ANN OF BETHANY. By Georgiana Dorcas Ceder. Illustrated by Helen Torrey. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 96 *pp.* $2.

With the same ability to reproduce simply and convincingly a time and place in history that characterized her "Ethan, the Shepherd Boy" Miss Ceder tells the story of Ann, who lived not far from Jerusalem when Christ was born. The coming of the Wise Men through her village, the universal fear of Herod's soldiers who sought the baby of the prophecy, the anxiety for her own baby brother make the days that preceded the flight into Egypt a clear picture to the minds for boys and girls of today. The simplicity and dignity of Hebrew village life, the hospitality of the people, and the respect given older members of a family are shown skilfully and without too much emphasis. It is an exceptionally good book to read aloud.

Helen Torrey's drawings of Ann and the village children, of the Roman soldiers and of Cush, the donkey, are attractive and well-reproduced.

THE LARK IN THE MORN. By Elfrida Vipont. Illustrated by Sandra James. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

The lark in the morn
She will rise up from her nest,
And mount up in the air.

This Somersetshire folk song gives title and leitmotiv to the story of a young English girl. It opens when Kit is twelve years old, a queer child according to Cousin Laura, who directs the motherless household. In reality Kit is just "different" and only needs to be understood. At Heryot, the great Quaker school for girls, where she finds discerning teachers, and among her mother's relatives she shows her intellectual and artistic gifts. Her great love for music, which had lacked a chance for expression under Cousin

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Laura's conventional rule, now blossoms out, and by the end of the book Kit, at sixteen, has discovered her real self and decided to become a singer.

Life at boarding school allows for a rich interplay of feeling and ideas. In musical prose in key with her title the author tells of a girl's growth through doubt and struggle to liberating victory. Elfrida Vipont has published six stories for young people in England. This is the first to appear in this country.

Since music plays so great a part in Kit's life her story will appeal to girls who, like her, live in a world of song. Drawings in black-and-white give the English setting and add to the charm of the text.

—Blanche Weber Shaffer.

FEDERICO, THE FLYING SQUIRREL. By Tony Palazzo. New York: The Viking Press. 55 *pp.* $2.50.

Following "Susie, the Cat" and "Charley, the Horse," Tony Palazzo introduces a handsome young flying squirrel who helps a kitten find its way down from a treetop. Large, effective drawings printed in black and a warm red-brown fill the generous pages. The design of the end papers—birch trees etched against a silvery gray background on which Federico, the kitten, and the birds play hide-and-seek—is especially attractive.

THREE BOYS AND A LIGHTHOUSE. By Nan Hayden Agle & Ellen Wilson. Illustrated by Marian Honigman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 101 *pp.* $2.

This is a cheerful and pleasing tale of three boys—triplets—who go to spend a part of a summer with their father, who is a lighthouse keeper. Benjamin, Christopher, and Abercrombie all look exactly alike and are all well trained and resourceful. They all behave very well, indeed, in a crisis and they richly deserve the "surprise award" that their father gives them. The story, for younger boys and girls, is printed in a particularly large, clear type and is illustrated with attractive black-and-white drawings.

THE WHISTLING STALLION. By Stephen Holt. Decorations by Pers Crowell. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 211 *pp.* $2.50.

The real hero of this story is not the splendid palomino stallion but Roy Bell, who when his father was badly injured and the ranch failed financially took over the responsibility and with the stallion's help held on to the ranch and made enough money to keep it "a going concern." It is a fine story of a boy's courage and initiative and the rough, difficult life of a Western cattle ranch. It ends with an account of the "stampede" trials where Roy and Whistler win the $500 prize.

THE ADVENTURES OF WU HAN OF KOREA. By Albert J. Nevins. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 244 *pp.* $2.50.

Wu Han lived in Northern Korea, in Pyangyang first and then on a farm not far away. His story is told by an American, a Maryknoll missioner who has lived and worked in Korea. When One Eye, the evil man who took charge of Wu Han when his father died, beat and half-starved him Wu Han ran away. Mr. Kim, a Christian farmer, found him and adopted him into his family. The story shows the way of life of both Christian and pagan Koreans. There are two scenes in a courtroom where the magistrate gives decisions according to the Korean law. Life in the city, life on a farm, the status of women, a native wedding, the good times that the young people manage to have in spite of hard work and poverty are all described.

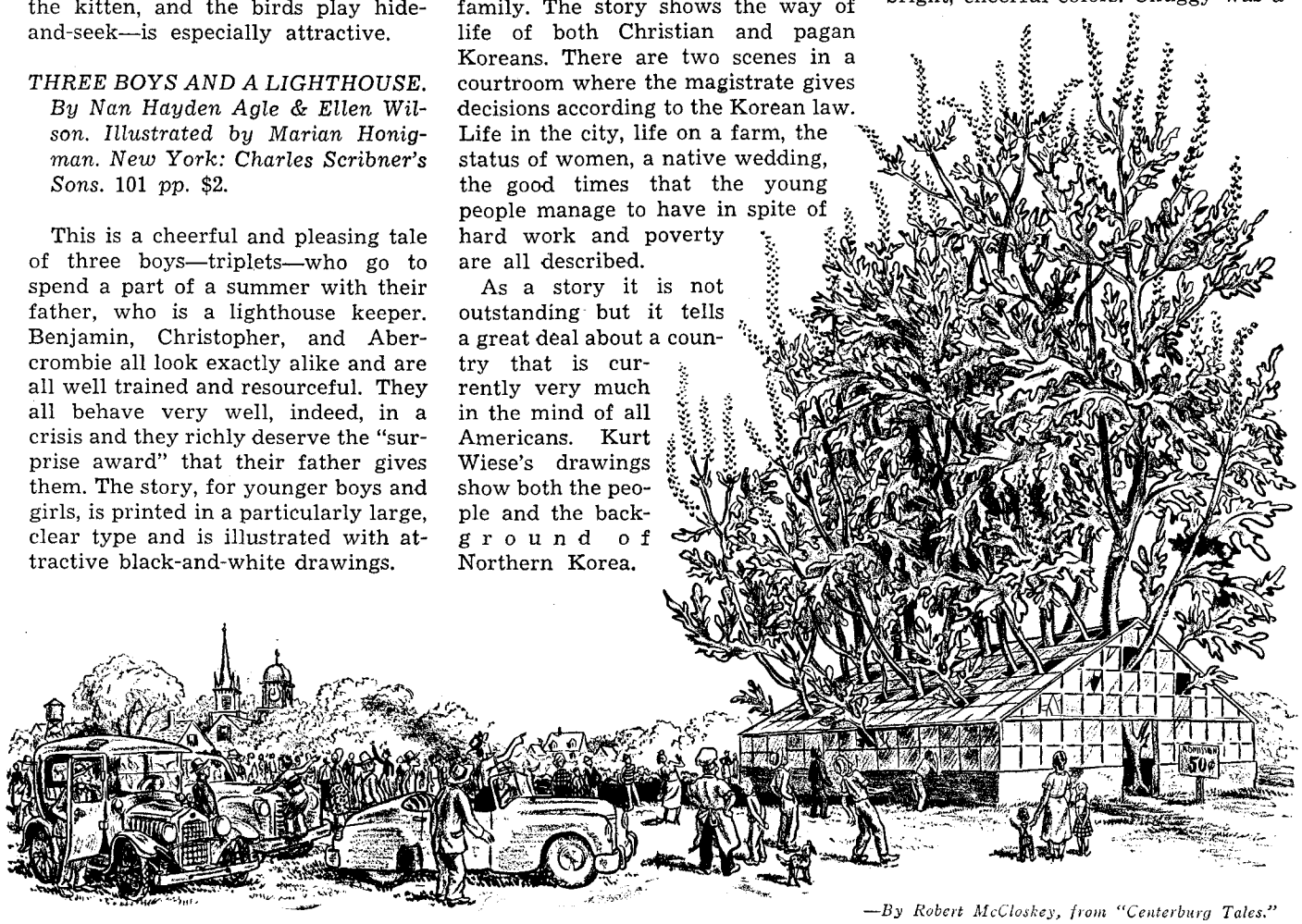
As a story it is not outstanding but it tells a great deal about a country that is currently very much in the mind of all Americans. Kurt Wiese's drawings show both the people and the background of Northern Korea.

FRANCIE. By Emily Hahn. New York: Franklin Watts. 237 *pp.* $2.50.

An American girl of today, seventeen years old, pretty, sophisticated, a bit spoiled—Francie goes to spend a year in England, most of the time at a girls' boarding school. This is a situation that can create a good many problems and does in Francie's case. It was not only a difficult physical adjustment that she had to make. It was an adjustment to different standards and to different social attitudes. Francie, of course, made mistakes and was more or less constantly in a state of rebellion, but her innate honesty and intelligence made it impossible for her not to see both sides of the question. There are incidents in the story that will puzzle, and perhaps annoy, American readers. The picture of England in the postwar years is a grim one. But Emily Hahn is an experienced writer. The values that Francie discovers in her school are important values. Because of them Francie will undoubtedly be a saner and wiser American.

CHUGGY AND THE BLUE CABOOSE. By Lydia and Don Freeman. New York: The Viking Press. 48 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is a big picture book with bright, cheerful colors. Chuggy was a



—By Robert McCloskey, from "Centerburg Tales."

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little engine who worked in the roundhouse. The Blue Caboose had once been attached to a circus train but was now obliged to stand neglected on a side track. It was when the streamlined express got caught in a snow drift near the roundhouse that the Blue Caboose, used as a "club car" by the switchmen, suggested asking Chuggy to dig his way through the snow and rescue the streamliner. Years before Chuggy had been a snowplow, and he hadn't forgotten how to rescue things. So he cleared the track for the express, and as a reward he and the Blue Caboose were attached to a very gay circus train. "From town to town they all traveled, bringing fun and frolic to children everywhere."

READ TO ME ABOUT THE LITTLEST COWBOY. Written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 45 *pp.* $1.50.

Black-and-white drawings on every page illustrate this large picture book that tells of the first six birthdays of the littlest cowboy, Corky. On his second birthday, when there were two candles on the birthday cake, Corky was given a cowboy shirt and scarf. On his third birthday he was given a pair of chaps, on his fourth a pair of cowboy boots, on his fifth a tiny colt that had arrived that very morning, and on his sixth the present was a make-believe gun. Very small boys will admire Corky and his birthday presents and so, probably, will very small girls.

WILL JAMES' BOOK OF COWBOY STORIES. By Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

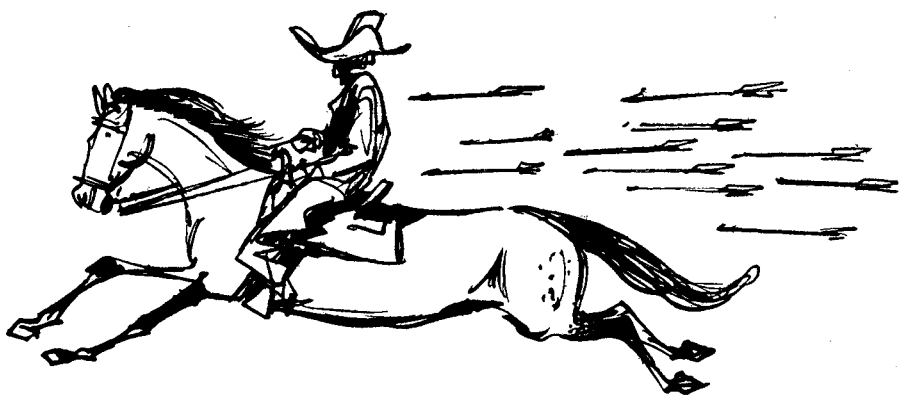
This good-looking volume, generously illustrated with the Will James sketches, presents a selection of his inimitable stories from both "Smoky" and "Lone Cowboy." It is the sort of book that boys in camp and on vacation will love to have and to share.

COWBOY JAMBOREE: Western Songs and Lore. By Harold W. Felton. Musical arrangements by Edward S. Breck. Illustrations by Aldren A. Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 109 *pp.* $3.

In his foreword to this big, handsome book Carl Carmer says: "In this measureless tent show, whose big top is the blue sky, the cowboy became the lead character in a play, a melodrama filled with suspense and with sharp, quick movement." In the book itself Harold Felton brings the songs and sayings, even the philosophy, of the American cowboy as he appears in music and literature to a public that admires him in books, in song, in the movies, and on television from the days of Pecos Bill to the latest record.

WILL ROGERS, YOUNG COWBOY. By Guernsey Van Riper, Jr. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 196 *pp.* $1.75.

This informal, friendly account of the childhood and youth of Will Rogers is the newest title in the Childhood of Famous Americans Series. There is one chapter on the later life of one of America's favorite heroes. It is illustrated with silhouettes.



—By Aldren A. Watson, from "Cowboy Jamboree."

LET'S GO CAMPING. Written and illustrated by Harry Zarchy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 188 *pp.* $3.

This is for the camper who is an amateur, not for organized and directed groups like the Boy and Girl Scouts. Mr. Zarchy gives practical advice about selecting a camp site, about tents, about things to take along and how to pack them, and about clothes and food. He tells you what to do when you get lost, how to tell the edible plants and roots that you find in the woods, and how to use first aid. There is a chapter about making useful knots and one about making a fire. It is a practical, sensible book illustrated with explanatory drawings and diagrams.

COOKING

(*Continued from page* 25)

woodcock, it seems all the more flavorful for having been withheld a while from the greedy.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR. By Louis P. De Gouy. Greenberg. $4.50. Tidbit booty beyond tally. Meal starters of seafood, fruits, fruit juices, etc. In the drinks section this eminent chef, though generous in profusion of formulae, is less at home.

FARMERS MARKET COOKBOOK. By Neill and Fred Beck. $2.95. Spirited tour of Hollywood's liveliest "lot," each specialty stall, each restaurant providing a peg on which to hang a sheaf of seductive recipes gathered from presiding personalities of diverse national backgrounds and from gourmet customers who are friends of the author team. Keen pen-and-ink drawings by Ernest Maxwell add to the book's engagingness.

THE WINE COOK BOOK. By The Browns—Cora, Rose, and Bob. Little, Brown. $3.50. Here the humor, if it is that, disconcerts. Beverage accompanying New Year's dinner's main course of roast goose with chestnut stuffing and apple sauce: eggnog. Escort of Mexican dinner's chicken with peanut sauce, peppers stuffed with corn: wine syllabub, followed by avocados with sugar and lemon juice. Assertions that Madeira as it ages "develops high alcholic content" and that among types exported is "the common cooking variety called Rainwater on the Island of Madeira." Quotation from Longfellow's "Catawba Wine" (inspired by receipt of bottles from the elder Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati) with comment by The Browns, "and by the West he meant North Carolina." Numerous droll spellings. Yet this book has recipes galore that are good.

THE JOY OF CHINESE COOKING. By Doreen Yen Hung Feng. Greenberg. $5. Grandma Moses and Miss Feng (daughter of a Chinese diplomat) would get along swimmingly; they report the treats of their childhoods with the same intuitive felicity. Those that Miss Feng looks back upon were not so long ago, but the traditions that surrounded them and gave them symbolic meaning are ancient. As an interpreter of Chinese foodways she is lucid, wholly delightful, and so practical as to furnish the address of a Chinese supply house in San Francisco from which ingredients may be obtained. —L. M.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 898

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Heavy-armed infantry soldiers Gr. antiq.).	2 146 30 90 164 116 180 175
B. To esteem too lightly.	185 40 11 83 182 151 29 100 167 145
C. Followed by "play," an act done to draw applause.	6 94 140 155 25 85 35 63 177 160
D. A historical play by Shakespeare.	16 12 79 122 91 97 127 132 102 22 147 1 47
E. Shirkers who pretend illness or inability.	66 149 59 181 27 104 128 143 120 13 166
F. Intercollegiate Zionist organization in the United States; Hebrew for "torch."	158 52 45 154 21 117
G. The bedbug.	168 105 129 159 28 162
H. Certain parrots in Australia, New Guinea, etc.	150 39 33 107 24 172
I. Site of Boar's Head Tavern, Shakespeare's London.	3 88 144 106 169 179 56 111 118
J. State admitted to Union, Jan. 6, 1912.	87 53 92 77 19 157 152 112 49
K. Roman-nosed milch goats of North Africa.	125 80 32 103 9 43

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Shaped like a spine; spiny.	65 141 101 68 48 55 17 115 139
M. A European country.	10 176 165 75 84 123
N. Peak, 11,257 feet high, N. Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming (2 wds.).	72 74 46 8 113 64 174 93 187 161
O. Celtic Isle of the Blessed (Arthurian legend).	78 71 67 186 44 138
P. Is composed or made up of.	148 70 37 58 98 136 126 14
Q. Evening preceding All Saints' Day.	4 60 38 99 51 15 42 95 81
R. The guppy.	20 57 69 50 5 119 108 96
S. Cousin of Saul; one of his generals (Bib.).	133 89 153 31 18
T. Notorious Roman emperor, 54-68.	23 170 82 76
U. Aristotle, as called for his birthplace.	73 135 137 109 26 130 124 54 163
V. Husk of oats after threshing (Eng. dial.).	171 131 156 184 62
W. A by-product.	86 142 121 41 110 36 114 178 7
X. Pertaining to ancient Scandinavia.	61 173 134 183 34

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 D	2 A	3 I	■	4 Q	5 R	6 C	7 W	8 N	9 K	10 M	11 B
12 D	13 E	14 P	■	15 Q	16 D	17 L	■	18 S	19 J	20 R	21 F	22 D	23 T	24 H	25 C	■		
26 U	27 E	■	28 G	29 B	30 A	31 S	■	32 K	33 H	34 X	35 C	36 W	37 P	■	38 Q	39 H		
40 B	41 W	■	42 Q	43 K	44 O	45 F	46 N	47 D	■	48 L	49 J	■	50 R	51 Q	52 F	53 J		
■	54 U	55 L	56 I	■	57 R	58 P	59 E	60 Q	61 X	62 V	■	63 C	64 N	■	65 L	■		
66 E	67 O	68 L	■	69 R	70 P	71 O	72 N	73 U	■	74 N	■	75 M	76 T	77 J	78 O	79 D		
■	80 K	81 Q	82 T	83 B	84 M	85 C	86 W	87 J	88 I	89 S	90 A	91 D	■	92 J	93 N	94 C		
95 Q	■	96 R	97 D	98 P	99 Q	100 B	■	101 L	■	102 D	103 K	104 E	105 G	106 I	107 H	108 R		
109 U	■	110 W	111 I	112 J	113 N	■	114 W	115 L	116 A	117 F	■	118 I	119 R	120 E	121 W	122 D		
123 M	■	124 U	125 K	■	126 P	127 D	128 E	129 G	130 U	■	131 V	132 D	133 S	134 X	135 U	136 P		
■	137 U	138 O	139 L	■	140 C	■	141 L	142 W	143 E	144 I	145 B	■	146 A	147 D	■	148 P		
149 E	150 H	151 B	152 J	153 S	■	154 F	155 C	156 V	157 J	■	158 F	159 G	160 C	■	161 N	162 G		
163 U	164 A	165 M	■	166 E	167 B	168 G	169 I	170 T	171 V	172 H	173 X	174 N	175 A	■	176 M	177 C		
■	178 W	179 I	180 A	181 E	182 B	■	183 X	184 V	185 B	186 O	187 N	■	■	■	■	■		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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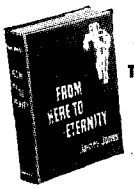
Among these recent Book-of-the-Month Club choices and special editions there must be several you have promised yourself to read



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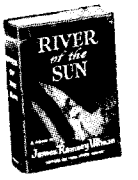

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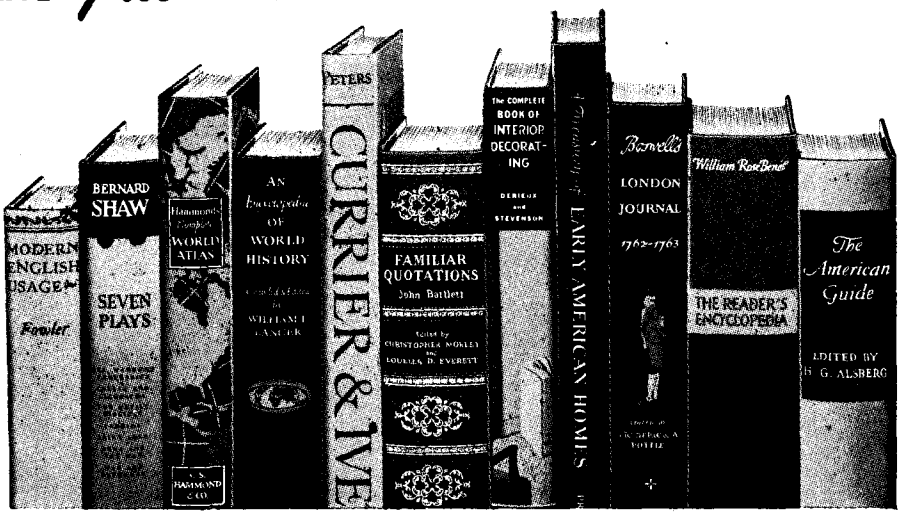

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